

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT REPRESENTS."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 30s. PER ANNUM.

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W

VOL. 49—No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

THE DIRECTORS of the **ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY** beg to announce that their First Series of Forty Performances will commence on **SATURDAY, September 30th, 1871**, at the **ST. JAMES'S THEATRE**. In each week of the season there will be **Six Evening Performances**; and **Two Morning Performances** (on **Wednesdays** and **Saturdays**), commencing at **Two o'clock**.

Some years have elapsed since English Opera had a home in the Metropolis of England, and during that period the growth of musical culture has been so extensive, that it may well be believed the time has come when England may be expected to clear itself from the reproach of being the only European nation of importance which welcomes foreign music and foreign artists, and neglects its own.

It is the hope of the Directors that they may be able to foster and to vindicate native talent, and to bring together a body of operatic artists who will not only do credit to themselves as exponents, but will stimulate native composers to energetic efforts.

This is the main object of the Royal National Opera Company. As regards nationality in composition, the Directors will imitate the wise example of the Italian Opera Companies, who seek excellence wherever it may be found, and present Italian versions of works by French, German, and even English composers. While Operas by native composers will naturally occupy a prominent place, the masterpieces of foreign composers will occasionally be presented in an English dress.

Among other numerous instances of artistic sympathy and good feeling, the Directors are glad to announce that

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT

has kindly consented to conduct a performance of his own works, and that

SIR W. STERNDAL BENNETT

has kindly given the Royal National Opera Company permission to produce (for the first time on the Operatic stage) his Cantata

"THE MAY QUEEN."

The Directors take this opportunity to announce that no fees will be permitted to be taken, whether for Booking Places, Cloak Rooms, Programmes, or attendance of any kind.

They finally invite attention to the Terms of Subscription, which are such as to enable all classes to assist the cause of Native Art.

Subscriptions for the Forty Performances will be received at the Box Office of the St. James's Theatre, and at all the principal Libraries, as follows:—Private Boxes (Transferable), Thirty to Fifty Guineas; Stalls (Transferable), Ten Guineas; Dress Circle Stalls (Transferable), Seven Guineas.

The following Artists are already engaged:—

MISS ROSE HERSEE.

(Who will make her re-appearance in England, on Saturday, September 30th, after an absence of two years as Prima Donna Assoluta in America.)

MISS BLANCHE COLE.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT. MISS JANET HAYDON.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA.

MISS PALMER (her First Appearance on the Operatic Stage in London).

MR. GEORGE PERREN.

MR. NORDBLOM

(late principal Tenor of the Parepa-Rosa Company; his First Appearance on the Operatic Stage in London.)

MR. HENRY GORDON (his First Appearance in English Opera).

MR. CHARLES STANTON (his First Appearance in English Opera.)

MR. PARKINSON. MR. RICHARD TEMPLE.

MR. MAYBRICK (his First Appearance in English Opera).

MR. CARLTON. MR. CHAS. WILMOT. MR. MACAULAY.

MR. THEODORE DISTIN. MR. CLIVE HERSEE (his First Appearance).

MR. SIMS REEVES.

Conductor MR. SIDNEY NAYLOR.

The orchestra selected from the Covent Garden and Drury Lane Opera Companies.

Sir JULIUS BENEDICT will kindly conduct a performance of his own works.

THE REPERTOIRE

Comprises the following English Works and Adaptations:—

THE ROSE OF CASTILE ..	Balle	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO ..	Mozart
BOHEMIAN GIRL ..	Balle	BARBER OF SEVILLE ..	Rossini
LURLINE ..	Wallace	SONNAMBULA ..	Bellini
MARIANA ..	Wallace	LUCIA ..	Donizetti
LILY OF KILLARNEY ..	Sir J. Benedict	TROVATORE ..	Verdi
A YEAR AND A DAY ..	Sir J. Benedict	DIMORPH ..	Meyerbeer
(First Time on the English Stage.)		MARTHA ..	Flotow
THE MAY QUEEN ..	Sir W. S. Bennett	SON AND STRANGER ..	Mendelssohn
(First Time on the Stage.)		DER FREISCHUTZ ..	Weber
Stage Manager, Mr. T. J. Anderson;		Pianist and Organist, Mr. Lehmeyer;	
Chorus Master and Prompter, Mr. Beale;		Librarians, Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Horton;	
Scenic Artist, Mr. Hann;		Ballet Master, Mr. Lauraine; Dresses by Mr. Stinchcomb	
and Miss Bennett; Machinist, Mr. Cawdery.			
Prices of Admission: Private Boxes, £2 2s. and £3. 3s; Stalls, 7s.; Dress			
Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 2s. 6d.; Amphitheatre, 1s. Box Office open from 11 to 6.			

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST SATURDAY CON-

CERT of the SIXTEENTH SERIES. THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—Selection from the opera of the "WEDDING OF CAMACHO," including songs, duet for soprano and tenor, and ballet music (Mendelssohn); Symphony No. 1 (C minor), Mendelssohn; capriccio for pianoforte solo (Op. 5), Mendelssohn; Overture, "FREISCHUTZ," Weber, &c. Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Vernon Rigby. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. Conductor—MR. MANNS.

Admission Half-a-crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket. Serial stalls for the twenty-six concerts, price two guineas. Stalls for this concert, Half-a-crown.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

M. RIVIÈRE'S

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

EVERY EVENING UNTIL OCTOBER 16.

DOORS OPEN AT 7.30. COMMENCE AT 8.

RE-ENGAGEMENT of Mmes. LIEBHART, RUBINI,

CORA DE WILHORST, and RUDERSDORFF, also the celebrated Pianiste, Mdlle. CARRENO, Mr. E. LLOYD, Mr. H. REYNOLDS, and Mr. WHITNEY. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has been specially retained to conduct the Classical and Sacred Music. "CHARLES AND OLGA," the new March by Sir Julius Benedict, also D. Godfrey's Waltz, "LITTLE NELL."

"THE BATTLE FIELD," a Grand Fantaisie Guerriere for full Orchestra, Military Bands, Chorus, and Organ Obligato. Composed by VAS. HENRIKSSON, will be performed (first time), on MONDAY next, and each succeeding evening. N.B.—To this great composition (selected from 40 others) was, at the Alhambra Palace, awarded the prize of £200 by the jury, consisting of Sir Julius Benedict, J. Smyth, F. Godfrey, and Arthur Sullivan.

ON MONDAY—Popular Music. TUESDAY—Selection from the Works of WAGNER. WEDNESDAY—Mendelssohn Night, (last time) Music to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Scherzo and Nocturno by the Orchestra; Pianoforte solo, Capriccio Brilliant, Op. 22, in B minor, Mdlle. Carreno; Wedding March, &c. THURSDAY—a Ballad Concert. FRIDAY—"Stadt Mater."

CONDUCTOR—M. RIVIÈRE.

Box Office open daily from 10 till 5, where all places may be secured of Mr. E. HALL, without booking fee. Promenade, ONE SHILLING; Private Boxes, £1 1s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Boxes, 2s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls, numbered and reserved, 2s. Refreshments by Spiers and Pond.

Acting Manager—MR. EDWARD MURRAY.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC. ST.

GEORGE'S HALL, Regent Street, North.—For Amateurs and Professional Students in Music.—The next TERM will COMMENCE on Monday, October 2.

Principal—Professor WYDIE, Mus. Doc.

Singing—Signori Garcia, Lablache, Joseph Barnett, Bevilacqua, Clabatta, Traventi, H. Gear, Rubini, and Schira.

Pianoforte—Dr. Wyde, Mr. John F. Barnett, Mr. C. K. Salaman, Herr Henseler, Herr Lehmeyer, and Herr Ganz.

Harp—Herr Oberthur, and Mr. T. H. Wright.

For the names of the other masters vide prospectus.

Fees, 2s 6s per term; Three Terms in the year.

G. R. WILKINSON, Secretary.

REMOVAL.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has REMOVED from Upper Wimpole Street to Ivy Bank, 49, Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

TO ORGANISTS AND OTHERS.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, Son of a late Professor of Music, is desirous of obtaining an ORGANISHTHIP in or near London; or would take extra or evening services in return for practice under an experienced organist. Can teach Music and pianoforte playing. Address, Mr. L., 20, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.

HERR SCHUBERTH, Director of the Schubert Society,

Beethoven and Mozart Society, &c., begs to announce to his Pupils and Friends that he will RETURN to London on the 1st October next. For Lessons, &c., apply at 244, Regent Street.—Kildary House, Rosshire, N.E.

"THE MARINER."

SIGNOR FOLI will sing the admired song, by L. DIEHL, "THE MARINER," at Dublin, This Day.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

HENRY SMART'S "LADY OF THE LEA" will be sung by Miss MARION SEVERN in Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN'S Grand Concerts, at Tulse Hill, Oct. 9; Ipswich, Oct. 10; and Islington, Oct. 12, &c.

"PEACEFULLY SLUMBER."

MISS ANNIE EDMONDS will sing RANDEGGER'S admired Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at Bideford, Oct. 8.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his highly successful ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Royal Italian Opera Concert, Western Hall, Belfast, on Saturday, October 7th.

MR. WHITNEY will sing GUGLIELMO'S popular ballad, "THE SAILOR'S LIFE FOR ME," at M. Riviere's Grand Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, accompanied by the composer.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

WINCHESTER.—MISS MARION SEVERN will sing HENRY SMART'S popular ballad, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, on Wednesday, October 4th.

THE STORY OF TONIC SOL-FA: A Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Tonic Sol-fa Movement from Miss GIOVANI'S earliest efforts to the present time, by JOHN SPENCER CURWEN. Price Twopenny; postage of two copies, 3d.—TONIC SOL-FA AGENCY, 8, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.—A LAY CLERKSHIP is now vacant in this Cathedral. Voice required—TENOR. Candidates must be efficient Solo Singers. Salary, £70 per annum. A preference will be given to Candidates who have had Cathedral Training. The age of the Candidates will also be considered. Applications, with testimonials, to be sent in not later than the 20th October, addressed to the Chapter Clerk, Minister Close, Peterborough.

STANDARD MUSIC BOOKS for the LIBRARY:—
S. HOPKINS and RIMBAULT.—History and Construction of the Organ. Second Edition, enlarged to 780 pp., £1 11s. 6d. The only authority upon this subject published in this country.

DR. RIMBAULT.—Early English Organ Builders. 3s. 6d.
DR. RIMBAULT.—The Pianoforte; its History, Construction, &c. With Early Specimens of Music, &c. Reduced from £1 16s. to 31s. 6d. Profusely illustrated with Woodcuts and Diagrams.
All postage free in stamps.
London: Published only by Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, and may be had on order of all music-sellers, and of the publishers.

MUSICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

MADemoiselle RUDERSDORFF, the sister of Madame Rudersdorf, and a Pupil of the Cavaliere Micheroux, the Master of Mesdames Pasta, Clara Novello, Catharine Hayes, and Rudersdorf, will receive and train as Professional Singers a limited number of young Ladies. They will receive thorough instruction in Singing, according to the legitimate Italian school; in classical music, and the Italian, French, and German Languages. Mdle. Rudersdorf resides in one of the most healthy and picturesque spots in Germany. Further particulars to be obtained at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

"THE WORLD OF DREAMS."

NEW BALLAD.

By P. D. GUGLIELMO.

Sung, with immense success, by Mr. A. BYRON.

Price 4s.; sent post free for 25 stamps.

Messrs. WEIPPERT & Co., 266, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

DAWES'S**"HOME, SWEET HOME!"**

WITH VARIATIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By BERNARD FAREBROTHER.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 63, New Bond Street, W.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS.**

LYON & HALL,

WARWICK MANSION.

THE LOVER AND THE STAR.

NEW BALLAD.

By P. D. GUGLIELMO.

INCREASING SUCCESS.

MDLLE. LIEBHART, enthusiastically encored every night in GUGLIELMO'S new Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE STAR," at M. Riviere's Grand Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Recalled three times at the conclusion of the song on Tuesday last. Price 4s.; sent post free for 25 stamps.

Messrs. WEIPPERT & Co., 266, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"ESTHONIA,"

MAZURKA FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By F. ROSENFELD.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS,"

SERENADE.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Music by R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"NELLIE,"

SONG.

The Words and Music by Mrs. WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ON THE STRUCTURE OF A SONATA. By G. A. MACFARREN. Price ONE SHILLING.—RUDALL, CARTE, & Co., 20, Charing Cross, S.W.

Just Published,

"THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE,"

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

By EMILE BERGER.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"BE HOPEFUL,"

SONG.

By R. T. GIBBONS.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just received from Paris,

**THE PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS OF
MDLLE. CARREÑO,**

Several of the following Pieces have been played with distinguished success, by the Composer, at the PROMENADE CONCERTS, Covent Garden.

"CAPRICE," Polka	...	Op. 2.
"LA CORBEILLE DE FLEURS," Valse	...	Op. 9.
"POLKA DE CONCERT"	...	Op. 13.
"REMINISCENCES DE 'NORMA,'" Fantaisie	...	Op. 14.
"BALLADE"	...	Op. 15.
"PLAINTÉ," Première Elégie	...	Op. 17.
"PARTIE," Seconde Elégie	...	Op. 18.
"LE PRINTEMPS," Troisième Valse de Salon	No. 2	Op. 26.
"UN BAL EN RÊVE," Fantaisie Caprice	No. 6	Op. 26.
"UNE REVUE A PRAGUE," Caprice de Concert	...	Op. 27.
"UN REVE EN MER," Etude Meditation	...	Op. 28.
"LE RUISSEAU," Etude de Salon	...	Op. 29.
"MAZURKA DE SALON"	...	Op. 30.
"SCHERZO-CAPRICE," Morceau de Salon	...	Op. 31.
"VENISE," Reverie	...	Op. 33.
"FLORENCE," Cantilène	...	Op. 34.

Composed by TERESA CARREÑO.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 613.)

But this knowledge, so ecstatically felt by me, lived quietly at first in my solitary heart; it was only by degrees that it ripened into loud avowal.

I must now refer to my outward position in life, as it was at the time in question, when—with frequent and long interruptions—I was employed in carrying out *Lohengrin*. It was utterly at variance with my inward feelings. I withdrew into greater and greater solitude, and lived on intimate terms with almost only one friend, who, in his perfect sympathy for my artistic development, went so far as to abandon—as he himself told me—the impulse and the inclination to develop and assert his own artistic capabilities. Under these circumstances, I could wish for nothing else than to be able to create in undisturbed retirement; I scarcely troubled myself about the possibility of an intelligible communication, which was all I needed, of what I had created. I could say to myself that my solitude was not an egotistical solitude of my own seeking, but one exclusively revealed to me with complete spontaneity, by the desert stretching far and wide around me. Only one loathsomely shackling bond attached me still to our public art-matters—the duty of thinking of the possible profit to be derived from my labours, in order to maintain my material position. I had thus always to take measures for obtaining outward success, despite the fact of my having entirely renounced it, as regards myself and my inward wants. They had refused to accept my *Tannhäuser* in Berlin; no longer anxious for myself but only for others, I endeavoured to procure the production there of my *Rienzi*, a work with which I had long since done. I was led to take this step solely by my experience of the successes achieved by this opera in Dresden, and by the calculation of the material profit which would result from a similar success in Berlin, where so much per cent. of the receipts would fall to my share. I now remember with horror into what a pool of the most vicious contradictions this mere anxiety for outward success plunged me, with my artistically-human sentiments already firmly settled. I was compelled to give myself up to all the modern vice of hypocrisy and mendaciousness; I flattered people for whom I entertained the most utter contempt, or, at least, I carefully concealed from them my inward feelings, because they, as things were, possessed the power of influencing the success or the non-success of my enterprise; I endeavoured by an affected air of indifference to banish distrust and suspicion from the minds of clever men, ranged on the side opposed to my real nature, and who, I knew, suspected and mistrusted me, as much they were inwardly repugnant to me; but, even while so doing, I plainly felt I should never succeed in my object. All my efforts naturally failed in effecting what I desired, because I could lie only in a very clumsy manner; my genuine sentiments, which were continually breaking out, could only convert me from a dangerous into a ridiculous being. Nothing, for instance, was more prejudicial to me than, in consequence of feeling how much better things I was capable of doing, my stating, in a speech I addressed to the company at the commencement of the general rehearsal, that the exaggerated demands on their resources which were to be found in *Rienzi*, and which the company had by great efforts on their part to satisfy, was a “youthful artistic error” of mine; the critics served up this assertion hot to the public, suggesting to the latter the line of conduct they ought to pursue towards a work which the composer himself had designated a “perfect failure,” and the production of which before the artistically educated public of Berlin was consequently a piece of impudence that deserved to be chastised.—Thus I had to refer my trifling success in Berlin more to my badly played character of a diplomatist than to my opera, which, had I set to work with entire belief in its value and in my own zeal to cause that value to be fully recognized, might perhaps have met with the good fortune which had crowned productions far less effective.

It was in a horrible condition that I returned from Berlin. Only those who misunderstood the frequently long outbursts of unbridled ironical merriment in which I then indulged, could be deceived as to the fact of my feeling the more unhappy, because even in the attempt, forced upon me by want, to dishonour my-

self—an attempt commonly called worldly wisdom—I had failed. Never did I experience more plainly the hideous constraint with which the indissoluble bond between our artistic and our social system subjects a free heart, and makes its possessor a bad man. Was there here any other issue to be found by an isolated being than death? How ridiculous did the wise noodles appear to me, who, in this yearning for death, thought themselves bound to see an instance of “Christian exaltation” already surmounted by knowledge, and therefore exceptional. If in my desire to free myself from the unworthiness of the modern world, I was a *Christian*—I was, at any rate, a more honest Christian than all those who, with impertinent piety, now reproach me for my defection from Christianity.

One thing sustained me: *my art*, which for me was not a means of gaining fame or money, but for communicating my views to feeling hearts. When now I cast off the power of the outward constraint, which had at last forced me to speculate upon material success, I first perceived most clearly how indispensably necessary it was for me to see about the development of the organ by which I could explain myself in my own way. This organ was the *Theatre*, or rather: the art of theatrical representation, which henceforward I recognized with ever-increasing clearness as the sole redeeming point for the poet, who sees what he intended first become a satisfactorily definite and sensually realized fact by its agency. In this indescribably important matter, I had hitherto trusted to the guidance of chance; I now felt that here, at a certain definite place, and under certain definite circumstances, the object to be accomplished was to effect what was right and necessary, and I saw this would never be done, unless the task was begun with the shortest possible delay. To attain the possibility of seeing my artistic intentions completely carried out as regards the senses by the art of theatrical representation anywhere—and, therefore, better in Dresden than elsewhere, as I was living and working there—now struck me as the next thing to be effected; and, with this object in view, I entirely left out of consideration for the moment the composition of the public, whom I thought to gain over by offering them scenic representations of intellectually sensual perfection, on the supposition that by enlisting their purely human feelings I might easily guide the latter in a higher direction.

With these notions, I turned back again to the art-institute which I had helped, as conductor, to manage some six years or so. I say, I turned back to it again, because my experience up to that period had inspired me with a feeling of hopeless indifference towards it.—The reason of my inward repugnance to accept the conductorship at any theatre, especially a Court Theatre, kept growing clearer and clearer to me during the period I fulfil the post. Our theatrical institutions have as a rule no other object than to provide an entertainment, to be repeated every evening, never energetically desired, but forced upon us by the spirit of speculation, and accepted without effort by the ennuï-devoured populations of our great towns. Everything that, from a purely artistic standpoint, had re-acted against this destination of the stage, invariably proved ineffective. The only difference to be found was in the persons for whom this entertainment was to be provided; for the mob in towns, a class brought up in artificial barbarousness, coarse food and crass monstrosities were supplied; moral domestic pieces sufficed for the virtuous duffers of our middle classes; the more liberally educated higher, and highest, classes, spoilt by artistic luxuries, relished only more refined art-dishes, garnished frequently with æsthetic vagaries. The genuine poet who, from time to time, sought to assert his pretensions through those of these three classes, was always repelled with a contempt peculiar only to our theatrical public, the contempt, namely, of ennuï—at least until as an antique he had become willing and able to assist in garnishing the dish served up. The especial characteristic of the larger theatrical institutes consists only in their endeavouring by their performances to satisfy all three classes of the public; they possess a space for spectators large enough for these classes to be completely separated according to the depth of their purse, the artist being thus placed in a position to seek out now in the Paradise, as it is called, now in the pit, and now in the tiers of boxes, those to whom he is to address himself. The manager of such an institution, a man who, for the

most part, has no other object but pecuniary profit, is bound to content in turn the different classes of the public; he does so, generally taking into consideration the social character of the day of the week, by bringing out the most varied products of stage-play-writing art, performing to-day, for instance, a coarse, obscene work; to-morrow, a moving piece for the duffers, and, on the third day, a cunningly-spiced delicacy for the epicures. The real task to be accomplished could be nothing more nor less than, out of the three chief kinds of works already mentioned, to make up a theatrical piece calculated to satisfy the entire public simultaneously, and modern opera has very energetically accomplished this task; it has thrown the Common, the Dufferish, and the Fastidious into one saucepan, and then set the dish before the closely packed general theatrical public. Opera has thus succeeded in rendering the mob fastidious, the upper classes vulgar, and the entire body of spectators vulgarly fastidious duffers, who now in the character of the theatrical public confront, with their confused pretensions, the man who undertakes the conduct of an art-institute.

(To be continued.)

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Mr. Manns gave an entertainment of classical music on Wednesday week, the band being specially augmented for the occasion. An excellent and attractive programme was offered to an appreciative audience, while the execution of each work came as near perfection as possible. Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony was the *pièce de résistance*; with it being associated the overture to Weber's *Preciosa*, the *Invitation à la Valse*, as arranged for orchestra by Hector Berlioz; an Entr'acte from Schubert's music to *Rosamund*, and the overture to Beethoven's *Men of Prometheus*. Let us hope this preliminary performance disposed those present to a hearty support of the series of concerts about to commence. The Saturday music of the Crystal Palace is a thing of which every amateur ought to be proud, and the continuance of which is an obligation on the directors which we have no doubt they will carry out *con amore*.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

ROYAL NATIONAL OPERA.

The *Globe* has the following remarks on the new enterprise at the St. James's Theatre:—

"Theatrical enterprises are of all enterprises those on the issues of which experienced people are least likely to speak confidently. Not merely in their failure, but even in their success, are they for ever baffling expectation and disconcerting calculation. One species of theatrical enterprise only—the national—that is in our case, English opera—seems to be accompanied invariably—it is to be hoped not necessarily—by the same result. Why this has always been the case it would be hard indeed to say. The short-lived Anglo-operative management has lived long enough to ascertain the existence of any number of composers ready, 'with or without a week's notice,' to furnish it with any number of operas in any or every conceivable variety of style; and of any number of singers in all the various degrees, ranging from him or her who has done admirably whenever he or she has had a chance, to the 'neglected genius' who has never yet been brought within the reach of one. English opera, too, has been dealt with by every conceivable variety of management. Not to speak of republics—born obviously but to die—we can call to mind many a monarchy that promised to keep, and ought to have kept, its hold on the reins of musico-dramatic power. Arnold, Braham, Bunn, Harrison, with pretenders of lesser note, have in their turn taken them in hand, always with the same disastrous, or at least unsatisfactory, result. There is a reason for everything; and even theatrical failure might be avoided, could we but once ascertain how it has been brought about. We most sincerely hope that 'the direction of the Royal National Opera Company'—as yet anonymous—have such knowledge of what has been done by their predecessors, and, no less important, such aptitude to turn that knowledge to account, as may enable them to carry out their scheme successfully. A more welcome addition to the art institutions or associations of London than an operahouse essentially, though not exclusively English—as the *Opéra Comique* and the *Théâtre Lyrique* of Paris, are essentially though not exclusively French—it is not possible to conceive. Great genius, inventive or executive, generally, possibly always, makes itself a place in the world, and gets a hearing; but there are powers doubtless, unworthy of so exalted a name, the non-development of which is no less a loss to the world than to those who possess them. A permanent English opera would give congenial occupation to a large number of native artists who are at present doing work for which they are altogether unfit; and with that—a still greater end—it would enlarge the number and refine the taste of English musical amateurs, by the presentation of music in one of its most delightful forms."

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have arrived at the last week of the opera season. The second performance of *La Sonnambula* brought a large audience to listen to the sweet, though not powerful, warbling of Mdle. Marimon, the remainder of the cast being as before, with the exception of Signor Vizzani, whose place as Elvino was supplied by Signor Prudenza. On Wednesday *Anna Bolena* was repeated, but it was not an enthusiastic house, and I question very much if ever this opera will become popular in Dublin. However, it went very smoothly. On Thursday the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was given for the first time this season to a good house—doubtless attracted by the announcement that Mdle. Marimon would appear for the first time on the Italian stage as Rosina; but just before the opening of the doors a notice was issued to the effect that Mdle. Marimon was suffering from severe indisposition, and in consequence thereof the part of Rosina would be played by Madame Trebelli-Bettini. I need hardly say that this announcement did not deter one single person from entering the theatre, for it is in the remembrance of Dublin playgoers the success made by this lady in the same part some two or three years since. She had an enormous reception, and I can conscientiously affirm that the audience lost nothing by the change; for better singing, or a more vivacious rendering of the part, would have been simply impossible. She was supported by Signor Vizzani, as the Conte Almaviva; Signor Mendioroz, Figaro; Signor Zoboli, Bartolo; and Signor Foli as Basilio. The part of Almaviva is decidedly beyond the means of Signor Vizzani, requiring as it does a voice of great extension and flexibility, which this gentleman does not possess, consequently the lovely serenade, "Ecco ridente," and the duet with Figaro, fell very flatly. Signor Mendioroz, as Figaro, was by no means equal to our last year's representative of the part (Signor Cotogni), as he lacks the vigour and facility of vocalisation which characterised his predecessor. On the other hand, Signor Zoboli was a great improvement on Signor Ciampi, and went through his part unobtrusively and like an artist, getting all the fun out of it without noise or bluster. Signor Foli is out of place as Basilio, a part which is entirely unsuited to his voice or style of singing. On Saturday Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, and to one of the best houses of the season. I need hardly say how grand Tietjens was as the Borgia; Signor Prudenza did well as Gennaro, and was heartily applauded, and Madame Trebelli, as Maffio Orsini, was beyond reproach. Signor Agnesi as the Duke was in good form, and other parts were efficiently sustained by Signor Caravoglia, Stefano, Zoboli, Rinaldini &c. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given on Saturday for the first appearance this season of Mdle. Ilma di Murska (an immense favourite here). I need hardly tell you she had a good reception, and went through her part with great spirit. The other characters were more or less efficiently sustained by Signor Prudenza, Mendioroz, Foli, and Rinaldini. *Il Flauto Magico*, one of the most popular operas of the series with a Dublin audience, was played on Monday, and here again the cast was not equal to former occasions, and the opera suffered somewhat in consequence. Madame Tietjens was, as usual, Pamina, and Madame Sinico's part of Papagena was in the hands of Mdle. Colombo—a change not for the better. Signor Mendioroz is not quite suited as Papageno, but he did very well. Mdle. Ilma di Murska, as the Queen of Night, was the great feature of the evening, having to repeat one of her songs three times. Signor Vizzani being indisposed, the part of Tamino was undertaken at short notice by Mr. Bentham, and therefore criticism would be out of place. Suffice it to say that it prevented a change of opera. Signor Foli as Sarastro was impressive and effective, and gave due importance to the fine bass songs. Tuesday *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* was given, this time with Mdle. Marimon as Rosina. It was a fair house, and Mdle. Marimon went through her part well, without causing any great enthusiasm.

The operas for the rest of the week are *Roberto il Diavolo*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Flauto Magico*, and a morning performance of *Marta*. I must not forget to mention that a great part of the success of the opera season must be attributed to the efficiency of Signor Li Calsi, the conductor, who has directed every performance, and done wonders with the forces under his command, earning general commendation from all parties.

ABOUT THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* gives his impressions of the performance of the *Eroica* Symphony in the Beethoven-Halle, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, in the following language:—

"The concert closed with the finest performance I have ever yet heard of the *Eroica* Symphony. This great work (completed in 1804) was the earliest of Beethoven's orchestral pieces in which his grand individuality was manifested throughout to a degree that removed him entirely from all association with the school of Mozart, on which he had first modelled his style. The adherence to beauty of outline and form, and the exquisite balance of proportion and detail, which are marked characteristics with the earlier composer, are also more or less apparent in the two first symphonies of Beethoven; but in the third he breaks away from precedent, and asserts the bold independence of a genius whose originality was such as to surmount all the prescribed canons of the art. Most readers are acquainted with the history of this composition—its first dedication to Bonaparte (whose name was to have given it its title), as a tribute of admiration of the early career of the conqueror. No wonder that the generous enthusiasm of the democratic Beethoven's misplaced hero-worship recoiled into bitter aversion when he found the man whom he had revered as the promised liberator of Europe, the champion of universal freedom, develop into the most destructive of selfish military tyrants. The performance of this grand work was of special excellence; it was indeed the realization of the highest ideal that could be formed of its capabilities, and produced a display of enthusiasm at the end of each movement, and especially at the close of the whole, such as was justly due to the occasion. The heroic grandeur of the first *allegro*; the deep solemnity and devotional sublimity of the funeral march; the wondrous life and vigour of the *scherzo*; and the mingled beauty and science of the *finale*, with its almost identical treatment of the same subject, as in the variations for pianoforte, op. 35—all were given with a perfection that can only be attained by such a combination of executive skill, sentiment, and enthusiasm, and deliberate and careful preparation, as has reigned in the arrangements for this great Festival. Again, in the *Eroica* symphony were apparent a nicely adjusted balance of power between the different divisions of the orchestra, and an alternation of prominence and abnegation, which gave clearness to the minutest details, and brought out delicate tints and shades of the great picture that are too often obscured. The symphony, like the fantasia and overture, were conducted by Dr. Hiller, who again evidenced his skill and power of control in the direction of an orchestra, and his admirable perception of the true spirit and *tempo* of the compositions."

In one of his most animated letters, Herr Ritter Von Kingston relates the anecdote subjoined, which can hardly fail to interest English readers, seeing that it concerns one of England's best musicians:—

"Heat, indeed! *Partez-moi de ça!* We must have been for nearly three hours, stewing in an atmosphere of '100 degs. in the gas.' Strauss lost four E strings during the *molto vivace*, and Joachim two G; and the *contrabassi* shed tears at every pore. Almost as tropical were the Assembly Rooms of the Club, in which a great convivial gathering came off that lasted from 10 p.m. until three in the morning of Wednesday. More nose-gays were offered up to the Kapellmeister by '*weingewaschene Frauenzimmer*;' speeches of great length were made upon seasonable subjects, such as 'Art on the Rhine,' the youth of Beethoven, &c. One little incident I must take leave to relate. Dr. Hiller, surrounded by the English contingent, with Sterndale Bennett on his right hand, was enthroned in an easy chair at the head of a long supper-table, the 'cynosure of admiring eyes;' homage after homage had been paid to him, and his face beamed with contentment. At the next table were seated some fifty young ladies, who had taken part in the choruses, and were distracted between the claims of hunger and the contemplation of their well-beloved leader. Suddenly Dr. Hiller rose, as though moved by an irresistible impulse, and turning towards his fair countrywomen, exclaimed, 'You all play the piano, do you not? Of course you do! Well, then, you all know the works of Sterndale Bennett. Here he is! Look at him well. You will not often see such another musician. There, children, is what I have brought you from foreign countries. Be thankful that you have seen that great artist and composer! Need I tell you how all the pretty girls stood on tiptoe, and clapped their hands, and uttered little '*Ach Gott!*' of delight; or how the picked body of musicians and journalists assembled in that room cheered our knight again and again, till the bottles and glasses clattered and jingled on the table? The incident was a charming one; in doing honour to Sterndale Bennett, Professor Hiller paid a compliment to England, and every Englishman present was doubly grateful to him because he did so with a homely and familiar grace that sprang from the heart."

This anecdote is nearly, if not altogether, accurately related. The spirit of what did actually occur was the same.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON. Also makers of Epps's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

A PUBLISHER'S PERILS.

Our publisher has received the following letter:—

19, John Street, Bedford Row,
London, 27th Sept. 1871.

SIR,—We are instructed by Madame Julia Wolff, pianist, to call your attention to an article in the number of the *Musical World* of the 16th instant, in which you falsely allege "that essaying to play the Concertstück, she came to speedy and conspicuous grief." As this is untrue and libellous, we must insist upon an ample withdrawal and apology in your next number; and unless it then appears, we shall commence an action at law against you for the recovery of damages, without any further notice.—We are, Sir, your most obedient servants,
Mr. Wm. Duncan Davison,
244, Regent Street, W.
EVANS, LAING, & EAGLES.

[With reference to the above letter, we have first to correct the quotation made. We actually said this:—"Madame Julia Wolff essayed to play the Concert-stück without book. She came, however, to speedy and conspicuous grief." The italicised words sufficiently interpret the sentence following them, which refers *exclusively* to what we took to be a failure of memory, and in no sense to Madame Wolff's ability as a pianist. Of the fact that her memory did fail we were convinced at the time of writing; but as Madame Wolff assures us that it did not, and, by implication, that Mr. Sullivan had no cause to place his own book on her desk, we can only confess ourselves deceived, and tender the apology which she requires.—Ed. M. W.]

MR. SIMS REEVES AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The spacious auditorium of the Tyne Theatre was crowded from footlights to ceiling by a most enthusiastic audience, every seat in the house being occupied. Mr. Sims Reeves, the great centre of attraction, appeared, with Miss Cole, in the last act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and afterwards played the part of Tom Tug in *The Waterman*. The distinguished tenor met with a perfect ovation on his appearing on the stage; and his performance in the selection from the opera, even with recollections of his first triumphs on the operatic stage, has lost none of the force and finish which characterised his earliest efforts, his voice being as clear and powerful as it was more than twenty years ago. The songs which he rendered in the part of "The Waterman," including "The Jolly young Waterman," "Farewell, my trim-built wherry," and the "Bay of Biscay," were never given with better effect, and they were greeted with rapturous applause by the audience. Miss Cole met with a warm reception, and was recalled, after *Lucia*, with Mr. Reeves. The minor characters were, as usual, well sustained, Mr. Bernard (of the Queen's Minstrels) especially singing with great care and feeling in the part of Raimondo.

GAIETY THEATRE.

A new operatic extravaganza, in three acts, by Mr. Alfred Thompson, with music by M. Emile Jonas, entitled *Cinderella the Younger*, was produced with decided success last Saturday. It needs no conjuror to inform our readers that this extravaganza has, in a great measure, been founded upon the old fairy tale, and that it is much altered by Mr. Thompson before the climax is arrived at. Cinderella, now re-christened Javotte, finds a husband in the Grand Duke, who has previously won her affections in the disguise of a dancing-master. Two characters, represented by Messrs. Stoye and Taylor, introduced under the significant names of Dodgerowski and Prigowitz, cause much amusement. Mdlle. Clary, a pleasing and versatile actress, who made her debut in London at this theatre during the time it was occupied by the *Fantaisies Parisiennes* Company from Brussels, was the Duke. Her success was unequivocal, her songs being very neatly sung—one, "Love, the Burglar," was especially well received. Miss Julia Mathews, as Cinderella, acted with piquancy, and gained an encore for one of her songs, "The Cuckoo." Miss C. Loseby and Miss Tremaine were the sisters. Each of these ladies well filled her respective character. Mr. Cook, Mr. Maclean, and others appeared. In the ballet the Payne Family were as nimble as ever. The piece, music, and actors, were cordially applauded, and the author was called for. The Prince of Wales and suite were present.

AMSTERDAM.—A curious incident happened at the Park Concert a few days since. Several Prussian officers in full uniform were present. The band struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein," which was one of the pieces set down in the programme. Thereupon, the audience took it into their heads to commence hissing lustily. The band, to soothe them, glided into the Dutch national air: "Wien Neerlands Bloed in den Aderen vloeit." At the first strains, the Prussian officers uncovered, rose from their seats, and remained standing until the conclusion.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

(By an Octogenarian.)

Tasks in solitude, on a general holiday, are to the whining schoolboy the very dregs of despondency. Abroad the sun shines, the birds sing the bells ring, and the fields and valleys resound with the joyous shouts, of his comrades, whilst around him are only vacant desks and empty forms, now ghastly as tombs. Silent is the busy hum of striving scholars, the echoes of the breaking-up huzzas have faded away, and alone with his "impositions," dullness seizes upon him and holds him in her leaden arms. So to many is the wealthy part of London, now well nigh as empty as the forsaken school-room. Long miles of streets and squares are tenantless, each window being blinded, as if in universal mourning; the occupants that made busy and cheerful those homes are scattered over sea and land. There are creatures that like darkness; other things fatten upon decay: amongst the latter may be placed the institution of promenade concerts. They seem to flourish upon the departure of fashion, and to be happy gleaners after the harvest of the season has been stored away. Though gathered up are all the sheaves of golden guineas, yet the shining shillings are still plentifully to be found. Gaiety may depart, but the wheels of commerce must never stop; nor can the roar of business cease. To the City desk, the trading-counter, and the working-bench, are for ever chained the toiling millions, and to them the promenade concerts offer welcome recreation and amusement. The royal, the rich, and the learned, with their multitude of followers and hangers-on, have fled. St. Stephen's is dumb, "the people's William" has dismissed his band, and left the braying of political tunes to Bradlaugh and his oriental drummers and fifers. The opera pets have flown to feather their nests in other climes; still the doors of aristocratic Covent Garden Theatre are opened wide to folks unused to evening dress, but who love and enjoy the "concord of sweet sounds."

The founder of these concerts dedicated to the dull season was the vivacious Jullien, who certainly possessed the qualification for such a leadership: he had original notions, a striking presence, good musical feeling, and a demonstrative power in wielding the baton. With true instincts he saw the wants of his day, the necessity of vigour—which some called noise—in the pieces of his programme, and the need of amusing the ear, and even of interesting the eye of the public, whilst educating them for more serious and refined music. The rattle of his "Army Quadrille" insensibly gave place to movements of symphonies by the great masters, hitherto unheard by uneducated people. Musical tinsel he certainly used in abundance, but the ring of the true metal was often heard. Glare of sound—blinding perhaps to the sensitive musician—filled his concert rooms, still it attracted those who otherwise would never have known Mozart and Beethoven. Jullien's personal appearance, claimed attention, whether seated in his gorgeous chair of state, or whilst conducting his orchestra with extravagant gesture, like a merry wizard; or when, after gazing rapturously on the soloist, he led off the applause with a catching enthusiasm. He in all respects was the popular conductor "par excellence." To him succeeded the late Alfred Mellon, a man of vastly different temperament. The foppery, so fascinating in the Frenchman, was entirely absent in him. In its place were sound musicianship, unerring knowledge, infinite tact, and a power of guiding his forces that made him the greatest conductor England has ever produced. Mellon's programmes generally included certain numbers avowedly to propitiate the vulgar in art; but whether they wanted the piquancy, dash, and originality of Jullien's arrangements, it is certain they did not form any attractive speciality. The series of concerts given for many years by Mellon will be remembered chiefly for the fine performances of classical music, including concertos, symphonies, and oratorios. He vastly extended the education scarcely initiated by his predecessor. Since his lamented and premature decease many musicians have led the orchestras of promenade concerts, amongst others Herr Strauss and Signor Bottesini, the former gentleman leading with his fiddle-bow his own vigorous dance music; the Italian—celebrated hitherto as a *virtuoso* on the contrabass—on other occasions used the baton with judgment; but though sound, he was slow, and showed no peculiar gifts for the post of popular conductor. Mention also must be made of the Promenade Concerts at the Agricultural Hall, under the able direction of Mr. Frederick Kingsbury, which were pecuniarily so successful as to prove a remarkable episode in concert speculation: loss and failure, too often the managerial results, were reversed by unexpected good fortune. Many theatres and halls, at various times, have been opened for promenade concerts, but Covent Garden seems to be the favourite home for such entertainments, and there M. Riviére, commenced a series to extend over six weeks. A brief notice was given by us recording the successful inauguration. The first classical night fairly demands from us especial attention, as it deservedly obtained recognition by a crowded house. The aspect of the theatre is much the same as of late years, the great orchestra towers up like a huge rock surrounded by a sea of humanity that

has decidedly strong currents on all sides towards Spiers and Pond's charming harbour. The hundred performers gave ample proof of their quality in Mendelssohn's music. The Italian symphony was played with delicacy and refinement, and with perfect gradations of power and colour. The audience was told of the circumstances under which it was composed by the following rhapsody printed in the programmes:—

"This Symphony, written during and after Mendelssohn's visit to Italy, embodies the impressions a brief stay in that glorious land—the garden of poetry—produced on his sensitive and impassioned mind. We may imagine the influence of the clear translucent air, the delicious climate, the wide, bright, blue sky filling with life and light, and casting the veil of its splendour over all earthly things; the luxuriant vegetation, the olive and orange groves forming as it were an emerald sky of leaves, starred with innumerable globes of the golden fruit, whose rich splendour contrasts so vividly with the deep green foliage; the glassy sea, on whose gently heaving bosom lies undisturbed the reflection of those blue mountains and that fair land, whose shores it gently kisses in soft enamoured cadence, for ever changing, and yet for ever the same."

This is delightfully tall and pretty talk, yet it scarcely gives the public any idea of the character of the work. Happily, however, Mendelssohn speaks plainly for himself, and fully reveals in his Symphony that fascination which has led spell-bound most subsequent composers. Madame Julia Wolff played the concerto in D minor with accuracy and effect, and was recalled to receive an ovation by the audience. "The Wedding March" was given with immense power and pomp. Our bachelor friend cynically calls this the lunatic's dirge, and declares that when heard on church organs after the fatal knot has been tied, it has by far a more sorrowful cadence than the Dead March. We would wish him to hear its festive strains, when he would be bound to admit that some of the accessories of marriage are pleasant and joyous.

The second part, devoted to miscellaneous pieces, opened with a grand *triumphal march*, by prince Poniatowski, entitled "The Return of Richard Cour de Lion," in which every instrument and voice of the united orchestra was "requisitioned," excepting Blondel's harp, whose strains we sadly missed. The march has a swinging motion, and a breadth of treatment, that, if it be not heroic, it is so effective as to induce the audience to encore it nightly. A Mr. Arthur Lincoln, from New Orleans, introduced the *crystalphonicon*, on which he played with his right hand, accompanying himself on the pianoforte with his left. The instrument has a very close affinity with our old friends, the *musical glasses*; its tones are as clear and bright as crystal, which Mr. Lincoln showed to such advantage that we could have forgiven him if he had used his two hands thereat. A grand selection from *La Traviata* succeeded. This is a class of music in which the promenade concerts revel. The well-known tunes are played and heard with an abandon and relish delightful to witness; each favourite instrument has a solo in which to shine, of which the cornet and euphonium availed themselves; the task of the former was to warble the charming soprano solo, which was done with good taste, until the euphonium, who had previously breathed forth his woes in "Di Provenza," snatched the air from him, like a big dog would a bone from a kitten; nor could the cornet again get entire possession of his tune. Truly, the arrangers of bands are comic fellows. There was an abundance of singers, most of whom were liked and applauded. Mr. Arthur Sullivan conducted the classical music with ability and a tender care for the proper rendering of the works of his beloved master. Prince Poniatowski led the orchestra in his own work so as to ensure its success. M. Riviére was the other conductor. Although previously known as a clever *chef d'orchestre*, he showed such a command over his band as to prove he was as well adapted for its leader as his comprehensive and generous management qualifies him for an *impresario*. We wish him every success.

(From another Source.)

Not the least remarkable feature in connection with these entertainments is the prominence which M. Riviére gives to music of a high order. Each week, three programmes are in great part made up of classical works; and from the opening of the season it has been the fortune of "high art" to draw the largest audience. Here is a true and genuine test of that musical progress in which many still absolutely refuse to believe; for let it not be forgotten that promenade concerts are intended, first of all, to be popular. M. Riviére was very far indeed from any obligation to bring forward classical music; that he has chosen to do so, and to such an extent, is a fact of no slight significance.

The chief events of last week were a Meyerbeer night on Tuesday, a Beethoven night on Wednesday, and a performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on Friday. The Meyerbeer selection comprised the overture to *Struensee*, portions of *Les Huguenots* arranged for the orchestra,

a pianoforte fantasia on themes from *Dinorah*, and a few songs entrusted to Mdlle Liebhart, Mdlme. de Wilhorst, and Mr. Whitney. Very little of unadulterated Meyerbeer was therefore heard, and it may be questioned whether such a thing as the Fantasia had any right in a programme intended to represent the master's genius. Sir Julius Benedict, who has succeeded Mr. Sullivan, and now gives to M. Rivière the benefit of his vast experience and not less great ability, had a flattering reception from a full house, but was yet more highly complimented at the close of a new march, written to celebrate the "silver wedding" of their Majesties of Württemberg, by whose names—Charles and Olga—it is called. That the march is appropriate in character, scored with ingenuity, and designed with the skill of a master, need not be said. But any work from the pen of so accomplished a musician as Sir Julius Benedict deserves more notice than a repetition of what may be taken for granted. The march is written for orchestra, military band, and chorus; and opens with a brief maestoso movement for the united instruments, which at once gives a character of dignity and importance to the work. A charmingly graceful theme for the "wood wind" then commences the march proper; its treatment specially interesting a cultivated ear by the masterly way in which subsidiary phrases are interwoven with the main theme. Gradually the brass and strings are introduced in a long and effective *crescendo* leading to the second subject—a broadly phrased and pompously scored melody, which the fanciful might take to represent kingly dignity, as distinguished from the queenly grace of its predecessor. Out of these materials and some subsidiary matter the work is constructed, till the entrance of the chorus, with their benisons on the Royal pair. This final movement is remarkably jubilant, and so heavily scored that the few singers available are barely heard. With a much larger chorus there can be no doubt that the march would produce a greater effect than even that nightly testified by rounds of applause. Wednesday's Beethoven selection comprised, among other and lesser things, the "Pastoral Symphony," Concerto in C minor for pianoforte (Madame Julia Wolff); Romances in E, for violin (Mr. Viotti Collins); and the overture to *Prometheus*. All these works were played with spirit, if not in every case with needful refinement—the soloists being markedly successful in winning applause. The repetition of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* on Friday calls for no special remark, except that it attracted one of the largest houses of the season. Whether the solemn musical services of the Church should be given under the conditions unavoidable at promenade concerts is a question we shall only touch upon to say that if there be an offence it is a venial one in the present case, thanks to the secular spirit that permeates Rossini's beautiful music. Tuesday night was partly devoted to the works of this master, the selection comprising orchestral arrangements of themes from *Guillaume Tell* and the *Stabat*; the overtures to *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and some songs, in which Madame de Wilhorst, Mdlle. Limia, and Signor Rocca appeared. The second overture was played surprisingly well; that is to say, with spirit, precision, and intelligence, such as the orchestra two or three weeks ago gave us no right to expect.

On Wednesday Sir Julius Benedict conducted a Schubert selection, made up of the overture and music to *Rosamunde*; the Ninth Symphony, and a group of smaller pieces, including the "Wanderer," sung by Mr. Whitney, and the "Ave Maria," in which Mdlme. Cora de Wilhorst appeared to advantage. The execution of these works was generally good; and seemed to give great satisfaction to the large body of amateurs they attracted. Chevalier de Kontski introduced a Fantasia of his own, founded on Schubert's "Serenade." This, however, might have been omitted from the classical section of the programme with manifest advantage. Thursday was a popular ballad night, and Mdlle. Liebhart its heroine; but on Friday (last night) Mozart's 12th Mass was repeated, the solos being allotted to Mdlme. Rudersdorf, Miss D'Alton, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Whitney.

THE JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.—Last Monday being the "Grand Day of Atonement and Fasting," it was observed with more than ordinary ceremony by the Jewish persuasion, particularly by the *habitués* of the magnificent Temple of the West London Jews, in Upper Berkeley Street. Of the beauty and architecture of this building we have already given an account. We had again the pleasure of listening to the choir, who gave all the chants beautifully, the talented Miss Grace Lindo taking the solos. Much praise is due to Mr. Verrinder, the organist, who is their teacher. It would be superfluous to eulogize the Rev. Mr. Marks for his able sermons, preached before the middle part of the prayers with so much eloquence and feeling, as well as that before the closing prayer of the day. The prayer to the Almighty, asking the acceptance of the penitence of his flock, was most touching. We must not omit to thank Mr. E., Secretary, for his gentlemanly assistance in allotting, to the many new members their seats, without confusion. The temple, notwithstanding its being so crowded, was very comfortable, and well ventilated. V. P.

ANECDOTE OF LABLACHE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Who amongst our readers, in the habit of frequenting Her Majesty's Theatre, some thirty years ago, does not remember the great Lablache, when, in company with Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, &c., he sang in Bellini's opera, *I Puritani*? It is true that since then we have had great artists, many of whom still delight our audiences—Tietjens, Patti, Nilsson, Mario, &c., but then they are divided. We have two operas going on at the same time, and consequently they could not be heard in the same opera in one night; but at the time we are speaking of, we had but one opera, and these great artists, Grisi (then in her zenith), Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, &c., were all to be heard together. About the time of which we are writing, the opera of *I Puritani* was much in vogue, and amongst the many popular pieces in the opera was the duet for two basses, "Suo o la tromba"—the rendering of this fine duet by Tamburini and Lablache was such as to electrify the house.

One Saturday evening the *Puritani* was to be performed by Royal command. Every seat in the theatre was taken, when, unfortunately, Lablache was seized with a severe hoarseness. Consequently he was in great distress of mind, for he had never been known to disappoint the public. He sent for the manager—what was to be done? The *Puritani* without Lablache would be like salmon without lobster sauce! or Sultana cheese without port wine! The manager was in a frenzy; the opera could not be changed.

About the period of which we are writing, a lozenge for the voice, now known (and celebrated all over the world) by the name of "Dr. Stolberg's Voice Lozenge," had just been introduced in London, and by the extraordinary properties it possessed in relieving hoarseness and sore throat, soon became in universal demand among vocalists and public speakers. The manager had heard of these lozenges, and recommended them to Lablache, advising him to take some. He promised to do so; but not having much faith in them to relieve his hoarseness, he requested the manager to get one of the other artists to be in readiness for the part. Nevertheless, he sent for a box, and went to work in right earnest, taking a lozenge from time to time during the day. No one at the theatre expected the great basso would "put in" an appearance; and bills were printed in readiness to explain the cause of his absence. When night came, the house was thronged, the Royal box occupied, the music struck up, and, to the surprise of his brother artists, Lablache was found, as usual, at his post. He was received with acclamations, and it was remarked by every one that he was never in finer voice. During the progress of the opera, he was observed from time to time to take out of a small silver box, as every one supposed, a pinch of snuff, but instead of raising his hand to his nose, it never went higher than his mouth! This went on until the duet, "Suono la tromba" was being sung with Tamburini, when the peculiarity on the part of the great artist so tickled and amused the audience, that they could not restrain themselves, but burst out into fits of laughter, which for a while greatly disconcerted the two singers, until Tamburini observing his friend taking what the audience supposed to be a pinch of snuff, whispered to him the cause of their mirth. Lablache, who was the best tempered fellow in the world, was so struck with the absurdity of the thing, that his good-humoured face beamed with delight, and walking to the front of the stage he took out his box again and held it up to the view of the audience. Then opening it, he took out one of "Dr. Stolberg's Voice Lozenges," and holding it out to the audience, pointed to his throat, and immediately placed the lozenge in his mouth. The audience at once perceived that what they thought to be a pinch of snuff was nothing more than a lozenge for the voice—the house rang with applause—the opera proceeded, and the anecdote of Lablache and "Dr. Stolberg's Voice Lozenges" was the theme of conversation for a considerable time.

MILAN.—As we have already announced, Signor Verdi's new opera, *Aida*, will be produced at the Scala this winter. About two years ago, the Viceroy entrusted a French author with the task of working an old episode of Egyptian history into a story. This story was put into the form of a libretto by Signor Ghislanzoni, and Verdi undertook to set it to music for the Vice-Royal Theatre, Cairo. His price was 150,000 francs. Verdi completed his score, and the scenery and dresses, which had been got up in Paris, were waiting to be transported to their destination, when Paris was besieged. Nothing was injured, however, and the dresses, scenery, &c., were duly forwarded at the conclusion of peace. *Aida* will be produced at Cairo in November. The Viceroy purchased with the 150,000 francs above mentioned only the right of producing the opera at his theatre before it was produced elsewhere. The firm of Ricordi has bought the right of performance at other theatres, and of publication, for 60,000 francs, so that the composer has already received the respectable sum of 210,000 francs for his work.

DEATHS.

On the 23rd inst., at 37, Golden Square, W., CECILIE, second daughter of the late ADOLPHE GANZ, Esq., of congestion of the lungs, to the inexpressible grief of her sorrowing brother and sisters.

On the 26th Sept., at 3, Craven Hill, Hyde Park, CIPRIANI POTTER, Esq., in the 79th year of his age.

On the 26th Sept., at 15, Albert Street, Mornington Crescent, ELIZABETH, widow of GEORGE MACFARREN, in her 80th year.

On Sept. 23rd, aged 39, deeply regretted, WILLIAM TOPHAM, vicar-choral of Christ Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, late of Cork and Worcester Cathedral Choirs, and formerly a chorister in Southwell Minster.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

THE holidays are over and gone. No more wanderings by the "sad sea-wave;" no more trappings over moss and fell; no more dreamily doing nothing in quiet country places;—the cry is, "Back to work," and all day long London echoes with the roll of luggage-laden cabs, while day by day Londoners slip quietly into their old grooves, and begin the old gyration. Everything in town is waking up from its autumnal lethargy. No more do the people in the streets look the most injured of beings, and languidly go about their business as though it were an oppression. The theatres are opening on every hand; the evenings have put on their winter brilliancy, and the days much of their winter gloom. Publishers are hard at work upon winter literature; societies of all kinds are putting their gear in running order; and, briefly, London is itself again. "Dear, damned, distracting town," Pope once called this huge metropolis, and Pope was right, as usual. Dear it is in several senses. We all objugate it more or less; and not one of us wholly keeps his head clear amid its crush and roar. Yet the mother-city hath charms for her children, who, go they ever so far away, by loch and mountain, and distant sea, come back, not unwillingly, but as those who love her dreary autumn skies, and abounding autumn slush.

Music is, of course, reviving along with other things; for London music grows comatose in autumn-tide; even the German bands taking their engines of torture, and their characteristic impudence, elsewhere. As yet, however, there are but few signs of life. The Promenade Concerts, which represent music in the recess, are flourishing, and have taken a new lease of existence; St. James's Hall keeps its doors shut; and the great societies are only beginning to think of work. Nevertheless, life is stirring. To-day, for example, the Crystal Palace concerts enter upon their sixteenth season; and to-day also the "Royal National Opera" opens St. James's Theatre, to try once again what may be done for the English lyric stage. These events are worthy of note, and we make no apology for a special reference to their claims.

No blare of trumpet and beat of drum have attended the beginning of the Crystal Palace Season. Time was when Mr. Manns put out a prospectus, informing all who cared to know what he meant to do, and reminding all who had forgotten what had been achieved in the past. We do not

grumble because to-day's concert is as quietly announced as though no solution of continuity had taken place. Mr. Manns knows his public, and can picture to himself, not untruthfully, thousands of amateurs waiting for the signal to meet once more in the familiar concert-room. For the Crystal Palace audience a beck of the finger is enough; and to-day will see them in their accustomed places. As to the season's scheme, who doubts that all will be well. "Good wine needs no bush," and he who drinks Johannisberg at Prince Metternich's table is quite ready to take the precious liquid upon trust. So at the Crystal Palace, amateurs wait upon Providence as represented by Mr. Manns, in entire faith that whatever is to be will be right. The first programme is a promising sample. Mendelssohn's first symphony, a selection from his *Wedding of Comacho*, a pianoforte Capriccio, and the overture to *Der Freischütz*—verily a luxurious feast after months of fasting.

With regard to the "Royal National Opera," we shall not venture into the realms of prophecy. Let the future prove whether one more failure is to be added to the list, and whether the performances will justify the character claimed for them in advance. But we cannot let the opening day pass without an assurance of hearty sympathy with the project, and of best wishes for its success. The dangers ahead are many, and the difficulties great; but those who count the new project unequal to its work should remember that it is always unsafe to despise the day of small things.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HIS Majesty the King of Portugal has conferred the decoration of the Order of Christ on Sir Julius Benedict. Already decorated, Sir Julius will need a broad breast if kings persevere in thus doing him honour. But the "baubles" represent something—the success of high ability in union with perseverance, for example.

WE are glad to learn there is every prospect that a Band of the Guards will be sent to America, to represent England at the World's Musical Festival, to be held in Boston next year. This is as it should be; every musician and musical person in Great Britain would be glad to join in a harmonious festival with our American cousins; and now that the Government are likely to take the first step, depend upon it the people will follow. The great Festival is sure to promote the cause of music, and will do much to strengthen the bonds of *International Harmony*. Success to it; it has our best wishes.

THE death is announced of Mr. Cipriani Potter, formerly Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, one of the most illustrious of Beethoven's pupils. He was born in 1792, and received his earliest instructions in music from Attwood, Calcott, Crotch, and Woelf; and afterwards pursued his studies in Germany. At Vienna he enjoyed the friendship of Beethoven, who gave him advice and assistance. Mr. Potter held for many years an eminent place among our musicians, and was formerly one of the conductors of the Philharmonic concerts. He distinguished himself also as a composer and a pianist. When Principal of the Royal Academy of Music (in which office he succeeded Dr. Crotch), he greatly contributed to the usefulness of that institution.

THE Paris *Figaro* published lately the following remarks on Madame Monbelli:—"Madame Crémieux-Monbelli has hit upon the knowing idea of giving concerts under Ullmann's direction, in Berlin. Had she been contented with her professional name of Monbelli, to which she owes her reputation, we should simply say: She is a bad Frenchwoman to sing to the Prussians. But to do so under the name of her father-in-law, which is placarded in large letters upon the posts at Berlin, is nothing more nor less than speculating upon our dirty linen. As the daughter-in-law of Crémieux, she will, of course, draw great

houses; she would do so even without any talent, for the Prussians revel in everything that can degrade us. She will make a great deal of money; but France, the cradle of her fame, will henceforth be closed against her." On this, Herr Ullmann addressed the following letter to M. Villemassant, the editor of the *Figaro*: "I forward you all my German posters, advertisements, and circulars. You will not find the name of Crémieux in them, but only that of Monbelli. A Parisian publisher, however, a Frenchman bred and born, has everywhere announced the sale of Madame Monbelli-Crémieux's portrait. You forget, by-the-way, that Marie Monbelli, like Adelina Patti, though married to a Frenchman, is not a born Frenchwoman, and has sung only in Italian Opera. I have been very glad during my present trip to see your *Figaro* at numerous hotels, reading-rooms, and railway stations. If the *Figaro* is to be read for payment in Germany, I do not see why Madame Monbelli should not take money for singing there."

A WORM will turn, and even the generous dog will retaliate. When, therefore, a drunken booby tumbled over Mr. George Grove's dog, the animal gave him a taste of his teeth, and when teased by a lot of boys, Beppo (if that be his name) fastened upon a passing youth incontinently. Beppo's master was forthwith summoned to show cause why the poor animal should not endure the penalty of prussic acid. "G," appeared, and argued eloquently, but the best advocate was Beppo himself. Phryne-like, the beautiful animal softened his judge's heart, and Beppo is only to be muzzled and under control whenever he takes his walks abroad. Poor Beppo! But should dogs ever get the upper hand, how many men will canine magistrates order to be "muzzled and kept under control?"

A CRASS German named Muller, who is permitted to shoot rubbish into the *Chicago Musical Independent*, thus speaks of English audiences:—

"The most distinguishing feature of an English audience is, perhaps, their love of beating time. This peculiarity crops out in a diversity of ways. Thus, at this concert, besides those who beat time with their feet, hands, heads, fans, eye-glasses, umbrellas, or anything else they happened to hold, some tried to unite the useful with the childish by knitting in time. An Oxford organist, with whom I spoke about this matter, ascribed it principally to the influence of Handel's music, which is marked by strong rhythm, and is performed more than that of any other composer. Among the rest, he told me that every English boy could whistle the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' and that one march of Handel's was played every morning at parade for some twenty or thirty years. If this habit be disagreeable to a person of musical taste at all times, it assumes the form of a musical nuisance, when one must be led to think at the performance of *Faust*, that a second band of soldiers is marching about the audience. A second reason is that a good many English conductors will conduct both visibly and audibly, *i. e.*, with hands and feet. As this habit is found even at those concerts in which we most look for those who possess taste, it shows the English public is far behind that of other countries."

The crass German named Muller must permit us to tell him that English audiences do not beat time in the manner he describes; that every English boy can not whistle the "Hallelujah Chorus;" and that his closing inference, founded on such premises, is simply a vulgar insult.

THE German Muller referred to above thus writes himself down on another topic:—

"As a general thing, English programmes have some very weak points. I refer especially to the preponderance of Handel and Mendelssohn. I should consider it very extraordinary, if some English programme could be shown which does not contain some number or numbers by these two; and what is worse, we find the English to be one-sided in their admiration for Handel; for, to judge from programmes, it would seem that he wrote just about two of three oratorios, or perhaps only one, the *Messiah*. As a consequence, we find that selections from this oratorio are produced again and again. At the great Handel Festival the *Messiah*, and perhaps *Israel in Egypt*, are performed annually (*sic*), and his other numerous works are ignored. As regards Mendelssohn, the fault lies in the opposite direction. It is generally agreed that his posthumous works are far below his other ones. The fact that Mendelssohn never had them published, would lead us to think that he, who was his own severest critic, did not desire their publication. Nevertheless, we find his best and his inferior works performed indiscriminately. A natural result is, that other great composers are neglected to the same extent. During my stay in London I did not hear any works of Brahms, Volkmann, Bruch, Rubinstein,

and other great composers of the present time. Schumann is comparatively neglected, and of Raff I heard only a small romanza for violin."

We plead guilty to the impeachments here laid against English taste; barring that which ignorantly assumes ignorance of all Handel's works save one or two. Long may we cleave to the mighty Saxon and his worthy successor. As for Brahms, Volkmann, Rubinstein, and "other great (!) composers," Herr Muller is welcome to them. What he esteems as reproach, is to us a glory. Let young Germany keep its heroes. We can exist without the chaos in hysterics they put forward as music.

A LONG time ago Benda's melodrama of *Ariadne auf Naxos* was once performed at Weimar. As most people know, Benda was conductor there. He was very popular on account of his professional talent and amiable disposition. At the head of his admirers was the Town-Cantor, Schade. Of course he was present at the above performance in the theatre. Benda had long been dead. As his music was really very stirring, and produced a particular impression upon Schade, the latter could not refrain from throwing up his arms and shouting—"Vivat Benda!" What was the effect?—consternation among the public. Quite at the end of the little theatre there was a box, as it was called, in which, on that evening, as well as others, the successor of Duke August, Duke Friedrich von Sachsen-Gotha-Altenburg, sat first a very amiable prince, but afterwards childish, from some affection of the brain. He could utter only a few connected words, and was seated, under the care of his attendants, in the box aforesaid. When the audience heard Schade, they thought he cried out: "*Es brennt da, es brennt da!*" ("The place is on fire, the place is on fire"); not only did all the ladies and gentlemen make a rush for the door, but the Duke's attendants hastily arose and dragged him out of the box, as though he were on the point of being consumed in the general conflagration. Schade rushed forward, wringing his hands, and exclaimed to the surging crowd: "Stop where you are! What are you running away for? There is yet the best, the *finale*, the leap from the rock, to come!"—"Then why did you holloa: *Es brennt da?*"—"Good heavens! I did no such thing. I called out: Vivat Benda!"—Now followed a general outburst of merriment. They led the imbecile Duke back again into the box, and tried to explain to him the state of the case. He seemed to understand, for he, too, cried out, in a deep bass, so loudly as to be heard all over the theatre: "Ah, ah, Vivat Benda!" The performance was proceeded with, but on the fall of the curtain the audience indulged in another fit of merriment, and every one cried out: "Vivat, vivat Benda!" It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe that Schade had vanished, to escape the "chaff" of his friends.

A NEW style of criticism has appeared in the columns of the *Carmarthen* and *Denbigh Herald*. Here is a sample of it,—the occasion being a musical entertainment on behalf of some schools at Portmadoc:—

Piano duet, Miss James and Miss Pownall. Execution very good (great applause).

Song, (Hawthorn), "The Lazarion Maid," Miss Jones Ponilton. Sung very nicely, the singer accompanying herself, creating great enthusiasm (encored).

Song, Mrs. Owen, Vmwlch (great applause).

Welsh stanzas (Welsh air), "Distyll y Don." Capitally given by Mr. John Thomas and party. Welsh words complimentary of Major Mathew, Mr. Griffith, Cefncoch, and Mr. Owen, Vmwlch, specially composed for the occasion —(amidst great laughter, encored).

Song, Miss Gertrude Williams, Castell Dendraith (great applause). Enunciation of words not distinct.

Song, "I come from my mountain home," Mrs. Williams, very good; vociferous demands for encore, with which she reluctantly complied.

Quartet (Bishop), "Sleep, gentle lady," by Mr. John Thomas and party. Sung with precision, the light and shades good, &c.

We recommend this system to metropolitan attention, as being easy, succinct, and economical. True, it makes a criticism resemble an auctioneer's catalogue, or the notes of an Eisteddfod judge, but it hath advantages.

MAYENCE.—One of our most respected citizens, the once admired singer and composer of sacred music, Herr Tobias Lehmayr, died on the 2nd September, after a severe illness, in his 71st year.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove gave their pianoforte and concertina recital, in the concert room, Malvern, to a good house. The execution of the artists on each of the instruments was decidedly clever, and afforded the audience much gratification. The entertainment was well worthy of patronage, Mrs. Haynes contributing much to this end by her talented rendering of the pieces allotted to her.

LLANELLY.—Mr. H. Radcliffe's farewell concert was given at the Athenæum, he being about to leave Llanelly for a time to complete his studies in Germany. The artists were Miss Sophie Foote (soprano), Miss Elisa Foote (contralto), of the Bath concerts; Mr. Stuart Higgs (basso), of the Bristol concerts; Herr Hauptmann, violinist, whose execution of Vieuxtemps' "Yankee Doodle", was loudly encored. Mr. Alexander Phipps, R.A.M., solo pianoforte; and Mr. H. Radcliffe, accompanist. The audience was highly respectable, consisting principally of the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood.

CARMARTHEN.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and party gave a most charming entertainment at the Assembly-rooms in this town to a select and appreciative but not numerous audience, and its success, says the *Carmarthen Journal*, "was pronounced by those present to be complete, every *artiste* being in themselves consummate in the vocation to which a happy Providence has called them. We may sum up a short paragraph by stating that the inhabitants of Carmarthen have never had an opportunity of being present at a more charming concert, and we regret that their taste savours more of vulgar nigger concerts and circuses to those of a more classical and refined nature, such as was this entertainment. It would be superfluous to write a critique of this concert, where all the *artistes* possess a London well-won renown, and we wish them the heartiest success on their autumn tour."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The *Hampshire Independent* informs us that—

"The Polytechnic Institution opened its winter session on Wednesday evening, at the Hartley Hall, with a very pleasant and highly successful musical entertainment by Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by the Misses Annie Sinclair and Jessie Royd. There was a very full attendance, the spacious hall being filled to overflowing. For two hours upwards of 1,200 persons listened with unflagging attention to compositions by Beethoven, Weber, Gounod, Sir H. Bishop, &c. &c. Mrs. John Macfarren proved a brilliant pianist and judicious accompanist, and her fair assistants delighted everyone by their admirable style and finished vocalization. Several encores were demanded with enthusiasm that defied resistance, and the whole audience was charmed throughout the evening."

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

(Concluded from page 617.)

I shall be more grateful always for quiet undisturbed nights after this. The length of that hour made unbearable the thought of the hours to come; I rose painfully to a sitting posture, held my head in my hands, and tried to pray. Now that the signal which all these efforts had cost me had failed, I had not strength for more than to wait. I was not much accustomed either to wait or to pray. Perhaps if I had been, this dreary time would not have seemed so interminable; perhaps, even, I might not have felt so helpless in the unknown horror that was about me. I thought I would repeat one of the canticles, for I knew them better than anything else; but somehow they died away in wandering, wondering thoughts, more accordant with the fierce gusts that dashed against the tower than with the simple, musical words I tried to say. Ah! what was that distant sound? The turning of a heavy grating lock far away. It was quite a faint sound against it reached me, yet I could distinguish it so readily, so eagerly, with quickening pulses, and with a strange hot flame rushing to my cheeks in the darkness.

Steps along the church floor below. So intensely I was listening—with such painful, strained attention—that I believe I could have counted them; though now from the same spot I feel sure I could hardly hear steps, however heavy. Yes, up the belfry stairs they came, and now a streak of yellow light crossed the belfry from wall to wall. My eyes—wide open, and almost burning with eagerness—strained into the dark corners, waiting and ready for what the light should reveal there. I never looked to see who was coming through the door; all thought of my release now seemed swallowed up in the hungry desire to see what had been with me in the darkness. The fitful light from two lanterns danced up and down the gloomy place, but I had seen nothing. Voices began talking in low tones; then, though my aching eyes never turned from their search, I listened. "I guess we find him just as we left him, eh?" I heard, in a man's amused whisper. "I expect no other, the drunken rascal; and yet I could almost have sworn I heard the bell." With a sudden flash of the lanterns on the wall close to where I sat came a little laugh. In all my life no laugh ever sounded like that to me. Was it a relief, or was it the last touch of the

unnaturalness that surrounded me? I shivered as if it ran through me with the wild answering laugh of the wind outside. With a sickening fear that consciousness was leaving me once more, and that if it did they might not find me, I pulled myself up by the bell; and as it rang its weird note the light of a lantern was thrown upon me standing there—a strange figure to meet any human gaze, with the fixed stare in my eyes. I heard a queer kind of cry from some one; one lantern fell, and was smashed to atoms; I heard feet running to the door; but I felt, too, a strong arm around me. I heard a man's rough voice—than which no other voice, though, ever sounded sweeter in my ears—telling me it was "all right." Then once more all around me was lost in mental darkness.

I awoke on the settle in a small fire-lit kitchen, where two or three men sat round the fire silently. When they saw that I was watching them, one said—and I recognized the kindly voice—"Are you feeling all right again, sir? The cold gave you a shock up there." I rose and sat among them, half bewildered still, and tried to warm my hands, which were of a pale green colour. "Did you hear me toll the bell?" I asked. "Yes, sir, surely; and these burly comrades of mine thought you was a sperit, and took to their heels; as if sperits was any more likely to be up there than in this very kitchen,—less likely, I should think, considering all things." What should I do? Should I tell them what I knew, or must the horrible secret live and die with me? "You didn't happen to see no sperits yerself now, sir, I s'pose?" he said; and I actually think I saw the fellow wink. "I saw—at least I felt—something." I faltered, trying to look at them all as if it were just what I expected to do. "Did ye now? Would ye mind, sir, just giving us yer experience? A ghost story is just the thing for this time of the morning, with that pleasant little breeze a blowing outside and shivering all the winders in its frolic." But I could not tell them; not that it seemed unnatural and dreamlike in the warm glow and companionship, but because it was such a certainty that I dreaded to bring the ghastly reality among them. "Did you see anything?" I asked, simply to gain a little time. The laugh was general. "In course we did, sir; we saw what we went for to see; and that was Topin' Jerry." "What on earth is Topin' Jerry?" "You may well say 'what,' sir, for at this blessed minit he don't look 'uman enough for to speak of as a 'who.' Topin' Jerry, sir, is the topingest rascal in all the parish, and, moreover, besides, he's one of St. Mark's ringers, the drunkest and disorderlyest fellow as ever pulled a rope." "Yes, yes, I see; and he was in the belfry last night?" "Well, I'll tell you how it was, sir, and how he did come to be there a lettin' in the new year in a new way. He's been so often a few over the score lately that though we wouldn't any of us peach on him, we can't 'elp jest wishing the parson would ketch him at it. He came to ring in the Christmas last week in such a state as we were all ashamed on, and, to cap it, up he brought a bottle with him to renoo his failing strength. In course he couldn't ring; he could only set himself in a corner agin the wall and sleep. So we told him if he did it agin we would hang him then and there. He was fuddlin' away yesterday evenin', forgettin' the late service,—it surely was rather late, ye see, sir, for a man as is fond of a few cups social in a evenin',—so we knew what was comin', and another fellow (him by you, sir) came to ring instead, and we took a rope. Sure enough in comes Topin' Jerry with his chin down in his shirt-collar, and his legs looking like somebody else's; out come the bottle, and we let him have his swing at it; then, when he was comin' down, we tied him to two staples in the wall, straight up on his feet agin' it, with the intention of showin' him, when he waked soberer, that there he was hanged by the neck till he was dead. While I brought you here, sir, these here comrades of mine witnessed the jolliest sight. Topin' Jerry woke hisself gradwelly, and twisted and groaned hisself into blue convulsions, while they was hid, with the lantern dark. And he shrieked out that he wouldn't never do it agin, if he could be forgiven this wunst, all to nobody, sir, but the sperits as he thought was there. They'll tell ye all that joke, sir."

So they did, jovial, hearty fellows, as they were; and every ringer in the parish drank my health that night in hot and strong. Every ringer, at least, except Topin' Jerry, whom I have never seen since—I mean whom I have never seen at all, only felt.

BRELAU.—The concerts of the Orchestral Union will be particularly brilliant this season. The band has been entirely re-organized by the conductor, Herr Bernhard Scholz, who has selected as his leader Herr Himmelstoss, one of Herr Joachim's most promising old pupils. Among the soloists already engaged are Herr Staegemann (barytone); Herr Wilhelm; and Madame Clara Schumann.

DUSSELDORF.—At the last concert of the Association for Instrumental Music, the programme included the *Naïad Overture*, by Sir Sterndale Bennett; *Interlude from König Manfred*, by C. Reinecke; "Träumerei," from the *Kinderscenen*, by Robt. Schumann; and Mozart's *G minor Symphony*.

DAME BRITANNIA'S SCHOOL OF MUSIC: OR, A SOLO
ON NATIONAL AND FOREIGN AIRS.

DEDICATED TO ALL ENGLISH LOVERS OF MUSIC, BY JOHN CHESHIRE.

Argument.

When a home for music in England first originated. Precarious support of the same. How we lavish our money on art. Status of art and artists. England reproached. Efforts lauded. Why is not English talent respected? How we are estimated. Author's opinion of our musical capabilities. The true standard of existing musical art in this country. Shakspeare not appreciated. Art and religion described. Our present system of appealing to the general taste condemned. Want of public facilities for appreciating music urged, as compared with the present English school of painting. Means to obviate this. No "medium school." Mistaken influences arising from this. No respect to native genius. The reason assigned. Foreign schools and governments. Their results. What we want. Native talent extolled. Unworthy art followers described. How music should be ranked in England. Its position alluded to. Compulsory education of it in schools recommended. Effects of music upon youth. A ruling power in it required. What is the rank of an artist? Praise of former public promoters of music in England. No technical knowledge encouraged with the million. What the nation should do. Our Royal Academy of Music and its professors. What the sons of England permit. A gloomy perspective for English professors.

Some half-century past may be said to have been the time when serious efforts were made to make a proper home for music in England: what influence those efforts have had upon the art and our nation is the object of this enquiry.

Societies, clubs, and meetings of various degrees of importance commenced, some enduring a well-merited (though nearly always precarious) support, others oblivion.

There was but one main object in these bodies—that of creating a love for the art and its cultivation. Happily, the most formidable was that which ended in becoming our present Royal Academy of Music, when, in 1822, it began its career with an eminent array of talent at its head, comprising the following celebrities:—J. B. Cramer, Moscheles, Bochs, Cipriano Potter, etc.

However, the beginning of a system often vastly differs from its termination. Only in first principles is there no particular deviation in all that subsequently succeeds. Whether it be to found a school, or invent a thirty-five ton gun, first principles have their reward, I hope: so let us leave an art that destroys to a happier one.

Feeling, then, that a sound organization had been formed by our National Academy of Music, at the date above mentioned, and that the educational results of the same were satisfactory as far as the internal resources (whether financially or professional) admitted, it is only fair to see what encouragement, in a patriotic sense, has been given to what, at this day, should be of the most vital importance to musical art.

That we still afford to lavish patronage on vocalists of high rank, that, permanently, no other nation keeps pace with, is a fact; as is also the apparent disastrous results of so doing in many quarters at this moment. And, if we examine the present status of art and artists in our country, it is just to see in what way they have flourished, and whether our so-called school of music is a solid creation or a myth. Was not even the onset of Sterndale Bennett, Loder, Balfe, Wallace, and G. A. Macfarren, a fair guarantee of sufficient importance to honour the formation of a National school? Truly, the results of these distinguished men give a loud affirmative. Whether other nations but England have more liberally acknowledged their men of genius is not the question, but it may be safely affirmed that no nation has done less than England. Not to pass over the many instances of laudable ambition that are known to have existed even years ago, one might ask what has become of them? Why have they not had that meed of praise, "acknowledgment," to smooth the rugged path they were destined to adorn? To say that we have not more than half a dozen writers of talent at the present moment in England, is to confess a disgraceful poverty, which statistics can refute any moment. I ask again—what's become of young

England who, twenty years back, was so full of promise? The answer is a sad one. To carry honours upon a field where true chivalry was unnoticed, was a vain task; and to retreat from a field where glory was laughed at, has been the fate of much English talent that we ought to have been proud of.

But, alas! we all know the saying of the prophet; he spoke truth. It is no use mincing the matter, we must know in what latitude we are now in as regards art. We are, and have been, derided as an unmusical nation, scoffed at for our realism, our cold machine-like way of exhibiting art, whether as performers or composers. If we are musical, how comes it that from high to low no English talent is good enough to receive its full deserts? Why be sneered at? Why bear the rejoinder to any question on art—oh! it's English! Why, too, out of England, more especially, is this the case, to the disgust of Englishmen? If we have a Nationality in art (and who shall say we have not), cannot we assert it without being appendaged to dry-stock, shirtings, and such like commercial phraseology of the stock-market, which seems to be, in the estimation of many, a natural component and associate of art. I am not far wrong when I say that for legitimate performance, for honest energy to follow art, and for straightforward appreciation of it, we have done well: and if we lack high poetical sensibility or freer imagination at times in the appreciation and pursuit of the highest paths in art, this is a fault only of our country, which I am gratified in thinking the object of these lines is to remedy. Can it be said that the standard of musical art in England is equal to its merits? Is it that which most people think it? Is our appreciation of it of the right kind? If it is, how has it been brought to its present pitch of refinement? A more reasonable question is, I think—Is not the taste for music in this country on the decline? To me this seems evident: the more so as our sister art, the drama, is leading, or has led it, to this ephemeral state.

If Shakspeare, after 200 years of fame, cannot be understood, it is equally clear Beethoven cannot be in fifty. This irreverence to the immortal dramatist teaches us that a standard of taste need not be of the highest to be of the most forcible with the public; but the absence of either in England causes grave apprehensions as to the actual welfare of art, which, judged in a broad public point of view, there is little to dwell upon for our middle classes, except that of the most pernicious character. Next to religion is art; and as much as there are forms in the one, so ought there to be in the other. Both are loving sisters, whose beneficence is never more divine than when they go hand and hand. I am, though, here reminded that we have, perhaps, trodden upon classic ground prematurely. High art is for the high cultured. How has the opposite or medium of this been consulted as a power of inculcating or influencing taste? That the age is sensational, realistically material, and of an immensely high pressure, no one can doubt; but it cannot be denied that the means to obviate this are at hand. To act upon the tastes you must touch the sympathies of your public, and according to the strength of that prescribed, and the manner of its application, is the result. This is more particularly the case with music, than which there is no more difficult art. It cannot (speaking in a public sense) be read: it must be heard in all its degrees; and facilities are wanting to act upon the musical mind of our country that shall immeasurably benefit the art and its lovers.

(To be continued.)

LEIPZIG.—Herr Victor Köbel, the editor of the *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik*, died on the 6th inst., aged sixty.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt will shortly set out for Rome, if he has not already left. He will proceed thence, about the middle of next month, to Szegazard, the seat of Baron August. In the early part of November, he will return to his quarters in the Palatinsasse here. Shortly afterwards, his celebrated Weimar collection of antiquities and his American piano (by Steinway) will be forwarded from where they now are.

VIENNA.—The programme drawn up by Herr Anton Rubinstein, as conductor of the *Gesellschafts-Concerts*, will include many works, both of old and modern masters, never yet heard here. Such, for instance, are Bach's celebrated Psalm "Eine feste Burg," and various novelties by the Abbate Liszt, Herren Brahms, Goldmark, &c. Herr A. Rubinstein's own sacred opera: *Das verlorene Paradies*, and the whole of Robert Schumann's *Faust* music, will also be performed.

REVIEWS.

"Standard Jest Book." "Standard Song Book." [London: Diprose.] We have here two books which contain together a larger amount of drollery than ever was given for the same price. Let the ambitious youth meditate that should he master the entire contents of these two volumes so as to be ready with song or story to suit every occasion, he will have become the most utterly undesirable acquaintance that any human being, who has a regard for the preservation of his comfort or his intellect, can meet.

The Stage of 1871: a Review of Plays and Players. By HAWK'S-EYE. First Series. [London: Bickers & Son.] On casually opening this book (p. 5) we find Hawk's-Eye praising Mr. Phelps's "Billy Bottom," and taking the *Man of the World* as if it were written to support rather than satirize vice. Treating of audiences, he says, with simplicity:—

"I declare I have noticed persons bursting with laughter at the most pathetic parts, when, if anything, they ought to have cried!"

Those persons, probably, had excellent reasons for laughing,—as Sheridan did at Cumberland's serious pieces. Mrs. Bancroft's "greatest gift," the author tells us (p. 30), "is the extraordinary power she possesses of changing her voice." At page 58, he says of the voices of Mr. Phelps and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft:—

"Blindfold, you could never make a mistake in recognizing them by their voice, in any character, or anywhere."

Of Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary, Hawk's-eye considers it a fine performance, but adds:—

"It has undoubtedly overshadowed the other parts that he has appeared in, nor has he had a part to do full scope to his abilities."

This is incorrect. Dr. Marston and others have written parts for him which any actor might be proud to play, and Mr. Sothern played them to the best of his ability. It is to be regretted that Dundreary should overshadow an actor who is to be respected for his earnestness. Mr. Sothern's desire is always to do well, and that is no small means towards a coveted end. The author is quite right when he says, "emotion is not Mr. Sothern's special forte." It is not, however, his bearing that is in fault, but his voice. Even this obstacle he occasionally surmounts, and he has given promise enough of becoming a fully accomplished actor; but what encouragement has a player to become so, when he receives as much applause for Dundreary as if he had acted Hamlet, after years of study, better than any other actor of his time? It is a pity that the public should have their spoilt children of the stage. We cannot say much in praise of Hawk's-Eye. Even where he has right on his side, he gives to it weak expression; but it is something to be right, though it be poorly expressed.

Bridal Bells. Morceau de Salon, pour le Pianoforte. Par HERMANN EISOLDT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

ABUNDANT variety distinguishes this *morceau*, which is by no means the light and conventional work its title would suggest. The composer, in point of fact, has chosen to illustrate verses it may be well to quote as the shortest method of explanation:—

"Hey, bells, for joy you quiver,
On, on, melodious river!
To me, to me you give her!
Hey, bells, that's why you quiver.
The solemn organ curbs my soul,
I bend beneath its sweet control,
And bells and chants unite to say
This is an earnest joyful day.

The verses are "bosh," but not so the illustrative music, which has attractions of a genuine kind, is written with great fluency, and presents, here and there, novelty of treatment.

Playful Naiades. Caprice de Concert pour le Pianoforte. Par HERMANN EISOLDT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

ARPEGGIOS abound from beginning to end of this dashing and brilliant piece. As a study in arpeggio playing it possesses a value beyond that of a mere tickler of drawing-room ears, and in the former capacity, not less than in the latter, we give it a hearty recommendation.

Winged Steps. Mazurka de Concert pour Piano. Par HERMANN EISOLDT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

If we may not expect an original mazurka now-a-days, it is something to have one which reproduces the best and most piquant effects. "Winged Steps" does this because written with a freedom of style and of fancy suggesting the best examples of its class.

Grand Valse de Concert. Pour Piano. Par HERMANN EISOLDT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This brilliant waltz cannot fail to become popular wherever it is introduced. Its themes are graceful and attractive, while their treatment shows the hand of an experienced manipulator, and a fancy by no means common among the makers of light *pieces d'occasion*.

La Retraite. Marche, pour le Piano. Par JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A VERY simple, yet withal effective, march in C major, well adapted for use by those whose ability as executants is of a moderate character. It is certain to please even amateurs of *exigeant* taste, because its simplicity is accompanied by merit of an order far higher than common. Let amateurs in search of worthy but not too difficult music of the modern school pay attention to this march.

La Voglia. Mazurka de Concert, pour Piano. Par WILHELM GANZ. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

MR. GANZ has here put forward an easy mazurka in G minor, ending in the major; and may congratulate himself upon achieving the interest connected with attractive themes. He has written with studied simplicity, but not without as much variety as a rigid structural form allows.

La Sympathie. Dialogue Musical pour Piano. Par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THIS is a duet without words, for soprano and tenor, in the key of A. flat major. The theme is tranquil, and expressive of considerable sentiment; but its flow is broken by an episode which affords the strong contrast of passion and force. Occasionally the parts move in unison, or in harmony, but whether together or alone they cannot fail to please or to suggest fancies which may weave a story into the sounds. The piece will be found worth attention from amateurs of modern music for the piano.

Mendelssohn's Concerto, Op. 64. Paraphrase for the Pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown and Parry.]

THIS transcription opens up the question whether laying violent hands upon great classic works, and presenting them in a form other than that intended by the composer, ought to be encouraged. Our own impression is that adaptations should be restricted within certain limits, both as a matter of justice and of sentiment—of justice, because there are cases in which grievous wrong must inevitably be done to the original: of sentiment, because reverence for genius is offended when genius is treated as the material out of which ordinary talent makes its gain. The great concertos of the great masters are unquestionably outside the limit of the arranger's operations; but, if they must be manipulated afresh, we cannot desire that they should fall into better hands than Mr. Sydney Smith's. In the case before us the essentials of Mendelssohn's work are skillfully introduced, without overloading the pages with details, and thus it is possible for those to gain a notion of its outline who are non-plussed by a full score, or are beyond reach of a performance. On this account Mr. Smith may be excused for having made capital out of a classic. The "paraphrase" is moderately easy.

Où Voulez-vous Aller. Barcarolle de Gounod. Transcrite pour Piano. Par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE melody, here expanded and adorned according to the accepted rules of transcription, needs no word of praise from us. Its unaffected simplicity and its simple beauty have won for it universal favour, so that thousands of amateurs will be glad to receive it in a form which appeals strongly to modern tastes. The transcription exhibits Mr. Smith's customary ingenuity, fancy, and skill; having said which, there is not the slightest need to say more.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Fantaisie Brillante sur l'Opéra de Rossini, pour Piano. Par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE more prominent themes of Rossini's comic masterpiece are here strung together with much skill, and adapted to the pianoforte so as to obtain large returns of effect for a comparatively small expenditure of means. Some of the passages which justify the term "Brillante" look formidable; but they lie so well under the hands, and are so carefully fingered, that their difficulty is much less real than apparent. The Fantaisie ought to enjoy widespread popularity as a very good thing of its kind, founded upon the most charming of light and graceful themes.

Aceline. Ballad. Words by J. L. LYONS. Music by W. F. TAYLOR. [London: W. Morley.]

THIS ballad, written for, and dedicated to Mr. Rawlinson, of the Christy Minstrels, is a simple and expressive composition, with chorus in four-part harmony. Its subject is a young lady, whose name furnishes it with a title, and who was borne away by a "cruel wind" that passed along the valley. The music presents little opportunity for criticism; but it will win many admirers.

The Village Festival. Descriptive Piece for the Pianoforte. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: W. Morley.]

THIS work commences with an "Invitation to the Village Festival"—a sprightly measure in two-four time, which is followed by a "Village Band at a Distance," a "Festival Waltz," and a "Maypole Dance." There is nothing particularly fresh or new in these movements; indeed, some of them suggest reminiscences which, perhaps, could hardly have been avoided without a sacrifice of truth; but the whole is agreeably written, has decided character, and cannot fail to please. We may add that it presents no difficulties to even very moderate players.

WAIFS.

At Peterborough Cathedral there is a vacancy for a Lay Clerk possessing a tenor voice. The stipend is £70 per annum.

Mr. Mapleson's Italian troupe opens the new Belfast Theatre with *Il Trovatore* on Monday next.

Madame Viardot has returned to her residence at Baden-Baden, and is composing a new opera.

The *Morning Post* says that Taglioni, the famous dancer, is about to leave Paris and reside in London, where she proposes giving lessons.

Signor Bevgnani left London for Moscow on Saturday last to fulfil his engagement as Musical Director of the Imperial Theatre. Signor Bevgnani returns to London in March next.

It was the Processional March from Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Maid of Orleans* that was given lately at M. Rivibre's Concerts—not Mr. W. G. Cousins', as we inadvertently stated last week.

Mr. F. H. Cowen's symphony in C minor, postponed last year in consequence of the score not arriving from St. Petersburg, is to be given at the first concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, October 3. The young composer will conduct his own work.

The new Theatre Royal, Belfast, which has been erected in Arthur Square, on the site of the old theatre, at a cost of upwards of £13,000, has just been opened.

Madame Milan-Carvalho has accepted an engagement at the Opéra Comique, Paris, where she is to make her first appearance in the thousandth representation of Hérold's *Le Pré aux Cleres*.

Madame Corani leaves Liverpool this day by the Cuba for the United States, where she will join the Nilsson operatic troupe as *prima donna* *drammatica*. Madame Corani is to make her *début* as Norma.

Miss Augusta Thomson still continues her successful representation of the part of Frédégonde in M. Hervé's *Opéra Bouffe* "Chilpéric" at the Royalty Theatre.

Dr. White, of Waterford, the lecturer on National Minstrelsy, has arrived in London on his road to the North, where he is engaged to give a series of lectures in Dumfries and Inverness.

At the Uxbridge petty sessions recently, Mr. Frederick Strange, of the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, was fined £1 12s. and costs for absenting himself from the last training of the Uxbridge Yeomanry Cavalry, of which he was an enrolled member.

M. Gounod's *Polyeucte* (a subject already treated by Donizetti in *I Martiri*) is not to be given for the first time, as some one, it seems, had reported, at the Royal Italian Opera, but at the Grand Opera of Paris. At the performance which recently took place at this theatre for the benefit of the victims of the war, the money paid for tickets amounted only to 5000fr. An additional sum of 800fr. was collected in the house by the Duchesse Macmahon and Madame Jules Simon. Thus, calculating that the audience consisted of about 1,200 persons, each patriot must have given for the benefit of his distressed countrymen something like 15 sous.

There has been a great discussion going on in Paris among the feuilletonists of the press which most Englishmen contemplate with wonder. France is trained and nursed in a system of protection, subsidies, gratuities, privileges, *pourbours* for nearly every kind of occupation or industry. So the theatres and opera-houses are all eager for State aid—what is called their subvention. The State, under the Empire, allowed more than 2,000,000 a year to certain theatres and operahouses. Of the theatres the chief recipient is the Français, which having already great advantages, such as a house rent free—which is as good as an income of 6,000l. a year—and a charge upon the Mont-de-Piété worth 4,000l. a year, receives from the Ministry of Public Instruction an endowment of 10,000l. a year. Here is a very pretty income of 20,000l. a year, which it has independent of its gains as a theatre. No one quarrels with these endowments. The French are proud of their national theatre, which does a great deal to encourage talent and to refine the public taste. And we in England who lament the decline of the legitimate drama among us, who also cannot agree among ourselves as to the causes of this decline, can look with equanimity, if not with envy, on the revenues accorded by the State which enable the great French theatre to flourish. It is when we turn to the revenues bestowed on the musical theatres that we are most surprised. There are four musical theatres which have been assisted by the State. The French Opera received assistance to the tune of 40,000l. a year; the Opéra Comique at the rate of 10,000l. a year; the Italian Opera got 4,000l., and the Théâtre Lyrique the same. These sums ought to startle Englishmen who know that the opera flourishes in London without any subvention whatever. The legitimate drama has gone down; but music is patronised in London as no other art is or ever was

patronised, if we take for our standard of measurement the prices which it commands. Now, here are the French exceedingly proud of their musical tastes and habits, and they need 40,000l. a year for the Grand Opera. An order has been given to reduce the endowments. The Grand Opera will in future receive only 32,000l. a year; and in this particular year, in which its performances are not so numerous as usual, it will be allowed only 24,000l. When this change was made known there was a howl of indignation, as if the new Government had resolved to destroy French musical taste. It was asserted in the most emphatic terms that the Grand Opera could not be conducted without a subsidy of 40,000l. a year. It was declared further, that the new director of the Opera, feeling the worthlessness of 24,000l., had resolved to throw up his appointment. It was certain that with only such a revenue from the State the end must be failure—it must conduct its performances in the cheap and shabby style. The tempest has, for the moment, subsided; nobody is content; but the director retains his post, and the Opera is about to throw open its doors. It is calculated that there will be a loss, and that the Government in very shame will pay. What would Mr. Gye say to 40,000l. a year from the Consolidated Fund, with three other musical theatres receiving 18,000l. a year among them?

PRAGUE.—Herr Hermann Joseph Laudan, a well-known literary man, is about publishing a poetical album in commemoration of the Beethoven Centenary. Among the popular authors who will contribute are Herren Bodenstadt, Bauernfeld, Dingelstedt, L. A. Franke, Grillparzer, Hammerling, Paul Heyse, Mosenthal, Ritterhaus, and Weiler.

THE NINTH STATUE.

Jove being one day in a mood rather merry—
No one well knew what the reason could be;
Some say it was caused by an odd glass of sherry,
Or perhaps Mrs. Juno had gone out to tea—
Whatever it was, being bent on a freak,
He called Mercury in, and began thus to speak:
"My jolly young spark, I've had sad news from earth—
A most dreadful disease, lately known as *ennui*,
Has caused amongst mortals the extinction of mirth,
And I'm fully resolved this no longer shall be."
Quoth Mercury, "That need not trouble you, Sir,—
Have they not Shirley Brooks and A. Halliday there?"
"Yes, but these are but men, boy; and what they require,"
Said Jove, "is the far-famed ninth statue so fair;
So lend me your aid, and a creature we'll form,
So perfect and rare, she'll take London by storm.
First get me some clay, and a shape I will mould
Such as never poor mortals before did behold;
And send to the Graces, and say I'd be glad
If the model of two of their feet could be had.
Bid Cupid attend me, that saucy young fellow,
For I think I shall want just to borrow his smile;
Next fetch me two planets—I'm resolved that her eyes
Of all hearts shall the citadel take by surprise.
Then go catch a Mermaid—my statue, I swear,
Shall borrow the Syren's sweet voice and bright hair;
The mouth is a puzzler, but Cupid, you know,
Can easily lend us the shape of his bow! * * *
Stay, be not so hasty: the Mermaid must bring
Of the purest of pearls a beautiful string—
My enchantress, though almost a Goddess 'tis true,
Must have teeth, for she cannot well live upon dew."
Fleet Mercury now having brought all these articles,
Jove's wonderful art soon united the particles:
A form so divine then appeared to the sight,
That for mere mortal's eyes was almost too bright;
Jove view'd, quite enchanted, a work so entire,
And quickly endowed it with Wit's sacred fire;
Then to Mercury cried, "No time must be lost—
Of charms for all ills she possesses a host:
Quick bear her to earth she will cure all those ills on—
But what shall we call her?" said Jove. "Why—Miss NEILSON."
H. J. ST. LEGER.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

WOOD & Co.—"True Love," arietta for piano, by Franz M. D'Alquen; "Come to me, gentle sleep," song, by Frank D'Alquen.
W. MORLEY.—"To the Cross," sacred song, by R. Schumann; "Dew, when night has passed away," song, by G. A. Macfarren.
CHAMBER, WOOD & Co.—"The King and the Beggar Maid," ballad, by W. C. Levey.

NEW ORGAN FOR THE CONVENT OF THE LADY OF CONSOLATION, POWICK.

The following are the particulars of the organ, erected by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester, in the church connected with this establishment at Stanbrook. The instrument has two complete manuals, also separate pedal organ, full compass, CCC to F, 30 notes. The following are the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN, CC to F, 56 notes.

FEET.	PIPES.	FEET.	PIPES.
1. 8 Open Diapason, metal	56	5. 4 Wald Flute, metal	56
2. 8 Dulciana, metal	56	6. 2 Piccoli, voiced as a 16th,	56
3. 8 Stop Diapason, wood	56	metal	56
4. 4 Principal, metal	56	7. Mixture, three ranks,	162

SWELL ORGAN, CC to G, 56 notes.

8. 16 Bourdon, CCC, wood	56	12. 8 Stop Diapason, wood	56
9. Double Dulciana, wood	56	13. 8 Lieblich Gedact, metal	56
and metal	56	14. 4 Principal, metal	56
10. 8 Bell Diapason, metal	56	15. 8 Cornopean, metal	56
11. 8 Bell Dulciana metal	44		

PEDAL ORGAN, full compass, CCC to F, 30 notes.

16. 16 feet Grand open Diapason, wood... 30 pipes.

COUPLERS.

17. Swell to Great. 19. Swell to Pedals.
18. Great to Pedals.

The organ has six composition pedals. It is erected in a chamber from which there are long movements to the body of the church.

Advertisements.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY
ADOLFO FERRARI.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE FOR SINGING.
Price 12s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

DR. STOLBERG'S VOICE LOZENGE,

For invigorating and enriching the voice, and removing affections of the throat,

HAS maintained its high character for a quarter of a century; and the flattering testimonials received from Grisi, Persiani, Lablache, and many of the Clergy and Statesmen, fully establish its great virtues. No Vocalist or Public Speaker should be without it. To be obtained of all Wholesale and Retail Chemists in the United Kingdom.

A STRINGENT LOZENGES OF THE RED GUM
OF AUSTRALIA.—For Relaxed Throat, in Bottles, 2s.
MURIATE OF AMMONIA LOZENGES, in Bottles, 2s. Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the phlegm and relieving violent fits of coughing.
P. & F. W. SQUIRE, Chemists on the Establishment in Ordinary to the Queen. Gazetted August 8th, 1837—December 31st, 1867.—277, Oxford Street, London.

10,000 VOICES.

MUSICAL FESTIVALS.—ADVICE TO VOCALISTS.

NEVER SING without taking two or three of Welborne's Sol-Fa Tonic Jujubes half-an-hour previous. Try them. The effects are wonderful. Sold by all Chemists, at 13jd. a Box. Wholesale, G. Wheipon, 3 Crane Court.

Just Published,

"NO HOME! NO FRIEND!"

SONG, FOR A BARYTONE VOICE.

By **ALEX. ANGYALFI.**

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"WINTER,"

SONG.

THE WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

The Music by **H. T. GIBBONS.**

Price 3s.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

ORGAN MUSIC.

HANDEL'S CHORUSES FOR THE ORGAN.

(WITH PEDAL OBBLIGATO)

ARRANGED BY

HENRY SMART.

"These arrangements have been expressly made for the use of amateurs and students of the Organ, by Mr. HENRY SMART, whose name is as sufficient a guarantee of their excellence as their universal adoption by the most eminent professors is a proof of their utility."

No.		s. d.
1.	"Fixed in His Everlasting Seat" ... (Samson)	3 0
2.	"The Horse and his Rider" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
3.	"They Loathed to Drink" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
4.	"Hallelujah" ... (Messiah)	3 0
5.	"Let us break their Bonds" ... (Messiah)	3 0
6.	"And the Glory of the Lord" ... (Messiah)	3 0
7.	"Let their Celestial Concerts" ... (Samson)	3 0
8.	"But as for His People" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
9.	"The King shall rejoice" ... (Coronation Anthem)	3 0
10.	"From the Censer" ... (Solomon)	3 0
11.	"For unto us a Child is Born" ... (Messiah)	3 0
12.	"He smote all the First-born in Egypt" ... (Israel in Egypt)	3 0
13.	"O Father, whose Almighty Power" (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
14.	"We worship God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
15.	"Sing unto God" ... (Judas Maccabæus)	3 0
16.	"Thus rolling Surges Rise" ... (Solomon)	3 0
17.	"All the earth doth worship Thee" (Dettingen Te Deum)	3 0
18.	"May no rash intruder" ... (Solomon)	3 0
19.	"Worthy is the Lamb" ... (Messiah)	3 0
20.	"Amen" ... (Sequel to ditto)	3 0
21.	"Zadok the Priest" ... (Coronation Anthem)	3 0

THREE SACRED CHORUSES BY ROSSINI.

ARRANGED BY

HENRY SMART.

1.	"Faith" ... (La Fede—La Foi)	3 0
2.	"Hope" ... (La Speranza—L'Espérance)	3 0
3.	"Charity" ... (La Carita—La Charité)	3 0
ALSO,		
Fugue in E Minor, from Handel's "Lessons," arranged by HENRY SMART		
Introduction and Fugue for the Organ, by Dr. JAMES PECH		3 0
Professor Glover's "Organ Book," consisting of Fugues, Voluntaries, Interludes, and Preludes (for the Organ, Harmonium, or Pianoforte)...		8 0

HARP MUSIC.

Glover (Emilie.) "La Traviata," Fantasia for Harp and Piano	4 0
Ditto "Erin," Duet for Harp and Piano, on Irish airs	4 0
Oberthur (C.) Chorus from "Norma," for Harp and Piano	3 0
Ditto Trois Melodies Religieuses for Harp Solo	3 0
Ditto "Thou art so near" (Transcription) do.	3 0

LONDON:

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET.

An Entirely New Work for Musical Education.

MAYNARD'S MUSIC COPY BOOKS

CONTAIN

A Progressive Course of Instruction in Music,

UPON A SYSTEM DESIGNED BY

WALTER MAYNARD.

The exercises are set at the top of each page, and blank staves are left for the pupil to copy the examples given. The Rudiments of Music are explained as simply as possible. Diagrams of the Pianoforte Keyboard are provided, by means of which the notes can be more easily learnt than by any other method. The fundamental rules of Harmony and Thorough Bass are practically illustrated, and a plan laid down by which Singing at Sight can be learnt without assistance. The Music Copy Books will, it is believed, be equally useful to master and pupil, by relieving the former from the necessity of constantly repeating the same rules, and ensuring the gradual progress of the latter.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

"Intelligence, or, as it has been called, intellectuality, is an essential element of all Art, practical as well as creative, and of none more so than of Music. Its development should be zealously encouraged in this branch of education, which, however, can be, and often is, conducted without calling into action any of the higher attributes of the mind. The Rudiments of Music are generally learnt by rote; proficiency in singing or playing acquired by that which is equivalent to automatic action of the voice or fingers. This should not be. Students should be taught that all musical sound, whether vocal or instrumental, is intended to convey some definite meaning; they should be made to reflect upon every phrase they have to sing or play, and thoroughly to understand that intelligence is the very essence of our Art. Music can thus become an important means of mental training. It is in this respect that the system of instruction now published for the first time in a complete form will, I hope, be useful. The plan I have set forth seems to necessitate concentration of thought upon the subject of study; it affords assistance to the memory, and tends to cultivate habits of precision, observation, and comparison. These are advantages which speak for themselves. Experience has proved that by writing exercises, pupils make steadier and more rapid progress than by the most frequent oral repetition of rules or notes. The hand and pen assist the eye and ear, and the result is more satisfactory than when the voice or fingers are guided by the eye or ear alone. I do not, for a moment, assume that this method will dispense with the necessity of vocal or instrumental practice; but as such practice becomes less troublesome and laborious if pursued with intelligence, it is evidently desirable, in teaching Music, to stimulate the faculty of thought. And that is the object I have had in view while writing the present elementary work.—WALTER MAYNARD."

Parts I. and II. contain Rudiments of Music.
Part III. contains Instructions for the Pianoforte.
Parts IV. and V. contain The Rudiments of Harmony.
Part VI. contains Instructions in Vocalization, Part-Singing, and Singing at Sight.

PRICE SIXPENCE EACH.

MAY BE HAD OF

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond St.
LONDON,

Or of any Music-seller in Town or Country.

ESMERALDA.

By SIGNOR CAMPANA.

Performed recently at Hombourg by Madame Patti and Madame Trebelli, &c., and received with the greatest enthusiasm.

CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Mendelssohn's Concerto. Op. 64.

PARAPHRASE.

Price 4s.

Gounod's "Où voulez-vous aller?"

TRANSCRIPTION.

Price 4s.

Rossini's Il Barbiere di Siviglia.

FANTAISIE BRILLANTE.

Price 4s.

La Sympathie.

DIALOGUE MUSICAL.

Price 4s.

LONDON:

ASHDOWN & PARRY,

HANOVER SQUARE.

THE
"Royal" Edition of Operas.
 NOTICE.

The Publishers beg to announce their intention of adding to this Series during the present year the following Three Operas:—

MEYERBEER'S
ROBERT LE DIABLE
 (OCTOBER 1st).

MEYERBEER'S
LES HUGUENOTS
 (NOVEMBER 1st).

ROSSINI'S
GUILLAUME TELL
 (DECEMBER 1st).

These great works (the most remarkable specimens of the French School of Opera) have, owing to their length, never before been presented to the public in a cheap form. For this reason it would be impossible to include them in the "ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS," at the usual price, each work occupying about 500 pages, or double the amount of an ordinary Opera. But as their omission would seriously interfere with the completeness of the Series, the Publishers have determined to issue them as Double Volumes, and they will therefore be published in their original and perfect form, with Italian and English words.

Price 5s. each in Paper, or 7s. 6d. Cloth,
 gilt edges.

Subscribers' Names received by all Musicsellers and Booksellers,

London: BOOSEY & Co., 28, Holles Street.

Just Published,
LETTY
THE BASKET MAKER.
 COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.
 MUSIC BY
M. W. BALFE.

	s.	d.
OVERTURE, Solo and Duet	4	0
1. PROLOGUE	4	0
2. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS	4	0
3. RECIT. AND CAVATINA (<i>Count</i>), "Ah! search the world from end to end"	4	0
4. QUARTET AND CHORUS, "Is it thus, sir?"	5	0
5. CAVATINA (<i>Letty</i>), "With dance and song"	3	0
5½. THE same, one note lower (in B flat)	3	0
6. POLKA DUET (<i>Letty and Hermann</i>), "Quick, to work, for 'tis your duty"	4	0
7. DANCE AND CHORUS, "How the heart with pleasure bounding"	3	0
8. SESTET AND CHORUS, "'Tis surely an illusion"	4	0
9. FINALE to Act 1, "By the lines that here I trace"	6	0
10. YAWNING SONG (<i>Hermann</i>), "Yaw—aw"	3	0
10½. THE DREAM SONG (<i>Countess</i>), "We walked by the sea"	3	0
11. ARIA (<i>Countess</i>), "With amazement gaze I round me"	3	0
12. DUET. (<i>Countess and Hermann</i>), "Now that little matter's o'er"	3	0
13. RECIT AND SONG (<i>Lunastro</i>), "What sorrow dark and danger wait"	3	0
13½. The same in treble clef (in F)	-	-
14. SONG, "Nothing but a dream" (<i>Letty</i>), "Ne'er was mortal eye delighted"	3	0
15. DUETTINO (<i>Letty and Bridget</i>), "See here decked the toilet table"	3	0
15½. Also one note lower (in E flat)	3	0
16. SONG, "Two gifts" (<i>Count</i>), "Two gifts there are that fate bestows"	3	0
16½. Also two notes lower (in B flat)	3	0
17. THE SINGING LESSON (<i>Letty</i>), "Oh, good gracious, what a strange machine is that"	4	0
18. PART SONG "Hark, now the music swelling"	3	0
19. GRAND BALLET	4	0
20. THE MAGYAR DANCE	3	0
21. FINALE, "Amidst the pleasures of this festive scene"	7	0

THE COMPLETE OPERA, 21s.

LONDON:
HUTCHINGS & ROMER,
 9, CONDUIT STREET, REGENT STREET, W.